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PUNCH

May
26
1954



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GIN AND TONIC

Undoubtedly the coolest, cleanest drink in the world with a subtle flavour of its very own. Best results are easily obtained by simply mixing Gordon's and tonic water in a goodish sized glass, add a thin slice of lemon and relax... Then you'll have proved to yourself that there's nothing, absolutely nothing, so good as a Gordon's® Gin and Tonic.



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TO THE CROWN
AND THE CATE
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MAX. PRICES: BOTTLE 33/9d - ½ BOTTLE 17/7d - ¼ BOTTLE 9/2d - MINIATURE 3/7d U.K. ONLY

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"Nothing like it for elevenses! Why not join me in a piece?"



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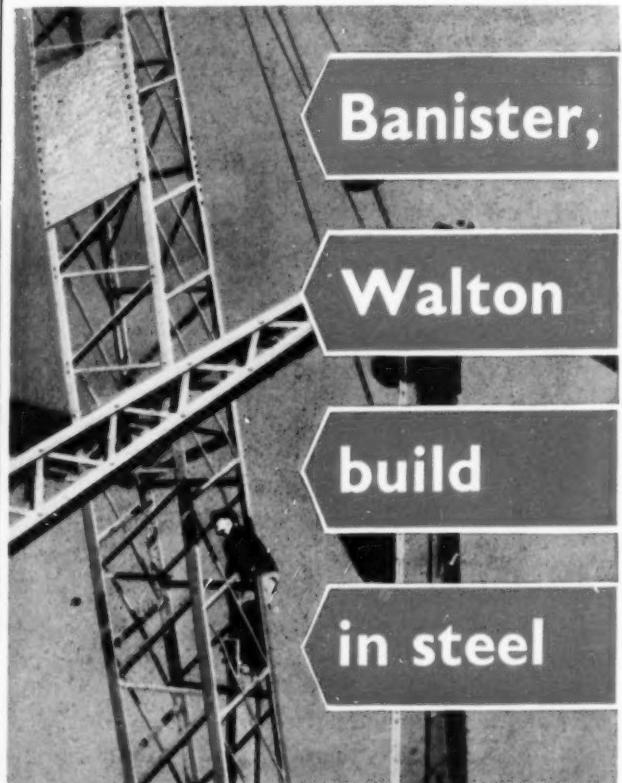
MACVITA



By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers
to the late King George VI
MCVITIE & PRICE LTD.



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MOTOR MOWERS

An **ATCO** could make a fact of
your gardening dreams

Think how lovely your lawn could look if it were mown more often, as it will be—and without effort—when you have an Atco. Think of the improvements you would like to make and will make when grass cutting ceases to take up so much of your time. An Atco can transform a garden from a task to a place where really creative work can enjoy some well-earned leisure.



Where you buy your Atco you may learn details of a simple and straightforward method of purchase by extended payment.

Isn't it time you owned an **ATCO**?

The new models are in the shops. Why not have a talk with your local man? He will tell you:—

1. This is a good time to buy an Atco because they have never been more efficient, easier and lighter to manoeuvre or more economical to buy and maintain.
2. If yours is an average size lawn, it's false economy to use anything smaller than a 17 inch mower because, with a good wide cut, mowing takes less time and less fuel, for very little extra initial cost.
3. Atcos are the only motor mowers on the market which can be kept in perfect running order, year in and year out, by the manufacturer's own Service Branches throughout the British Isles, operated expressly to maintain the value of your purchase.



CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., ATCO WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, 9.

This means:—
A wider than ever range of
mowing equipment—hand,
motor and gang-end sold
through the Atco Sales
Organisation. Atco Service is
now available to owners of
Shanks mowers from Atco
Service Branches throughout
the country.

ask the typist

Gone are the days when the typist, busy at work on a schedule, would try to wave away that urgent letter. Now, in a matter of moments, she simply removes the long carriage complete with schedule. Your letter is typed and the schedule completed later. This remarkable Imperial feature of interchangeability applies to platen, roller and type-unit as well: all three major units are made in varying styles or sizes. The typist can rely on one Imperial 65 to do the work of many different typewriters.

Exclusive Imperial design and expert engineering have made the Imperial 65, above everything else, the typist's typewriter.

Imperial



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LIFE ASSURANCE, we believe should be a programme for life, jointly planned between you and us. For every new responsibility, from the day you marry to the day you retire, we have a policy to suit, to safeguard and enrich you and yours.*

People who come to us, come to *rely* on us.

- * For example, there are policies
- to help you buy a house
- for your children's education
- for your own retirement

You'll find them all fully explained in our easy-to-read booklet 'Yours for Life'—
it's yours for the asking.

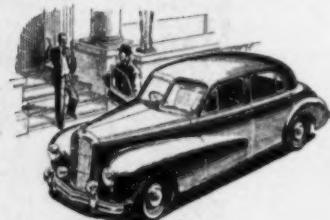
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Head Office: 3 George Street, Edinburgh
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Monday's Wolseley is full of zeal

You arrive fresh and at ease after a long, fast run in restful comfort. And not unconscious of the good impression the quiet distinction of your Wolseley Six-Eighty is making. It's a good start to a call that has a very successful sequel.



Sunday's Wolseley completes the deal

The Wolseley Six-Eighty with its English leather and Dunlopillo upholstery, twin interior lights, car heater and safety glass all round, acts host to five Very Important People at the weekend. Could you have followed up your call so successfully with a social get-together if the Company hadn't given you a Wolseley Six-Eighty? At all events it helped . . .

SERVICE in EUROPE
Qualified Wolseley Owners planning a Continental Tour are invited to see their Wolseley dealer for details of a free service to save foreign currency.



Buy Wisely—Buy

WOLSELEY

Six-Eighty and Four-Fortyfour Saloons



WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD.
London Showrooms: 12 Berkeley Street, W.I.
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford
and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.I.



She: There's no mistake about this cocktail.

He: No mistake is right. It's a 'gin and it's' that's really 'it'.

She: You can't go wrong where the vermouth is Martini.

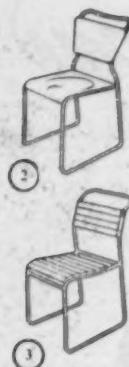
He: No. It was the wonderful Martini flavour that made Gin and Italian famous.

She: After all, it's the vermouth that makes the cocktail.

Both: And Martini makes the vermouth.



Variations on a frame



IN its various styles of seating and back*, there are many thousands of this "nesting" model giving faithful service throughout the land. It is the logical choice for canteens, clubs, concert and assembly halls. The frames can be either stove-enamelled in colour or chrome-plated.

* 1—WEBBING 2—PLASTICS OR PLYWOOD 3—WOOD SLATS

Apply for the Cox Nesting Chair Catalogue.



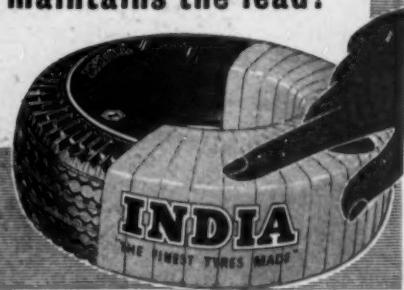
COX & CO. (Watford) LTD., WATFORD, HERTS. Telephone : Watford 5631.

INDIA Announce ★ Cool Curing

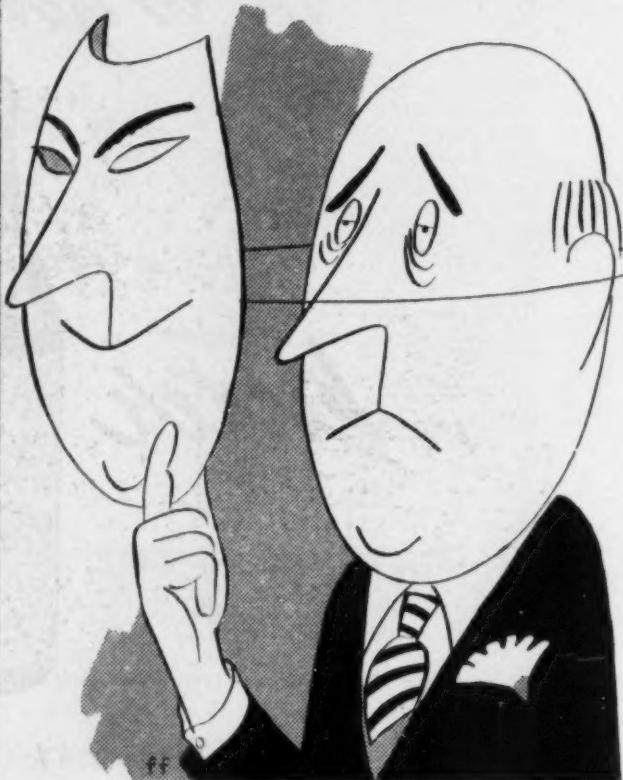
★ INDIA tyres are now vulcanized (or cured) at lower temperatures; and this combined with advanced compounding techniques results in a tougher and more resilient tread giving substantially higher mileage, cooler running and buoyant comfort.

INDIA maintains the lead!

—still
"The Finest
Tyres Made"



Are you a man with a mask -

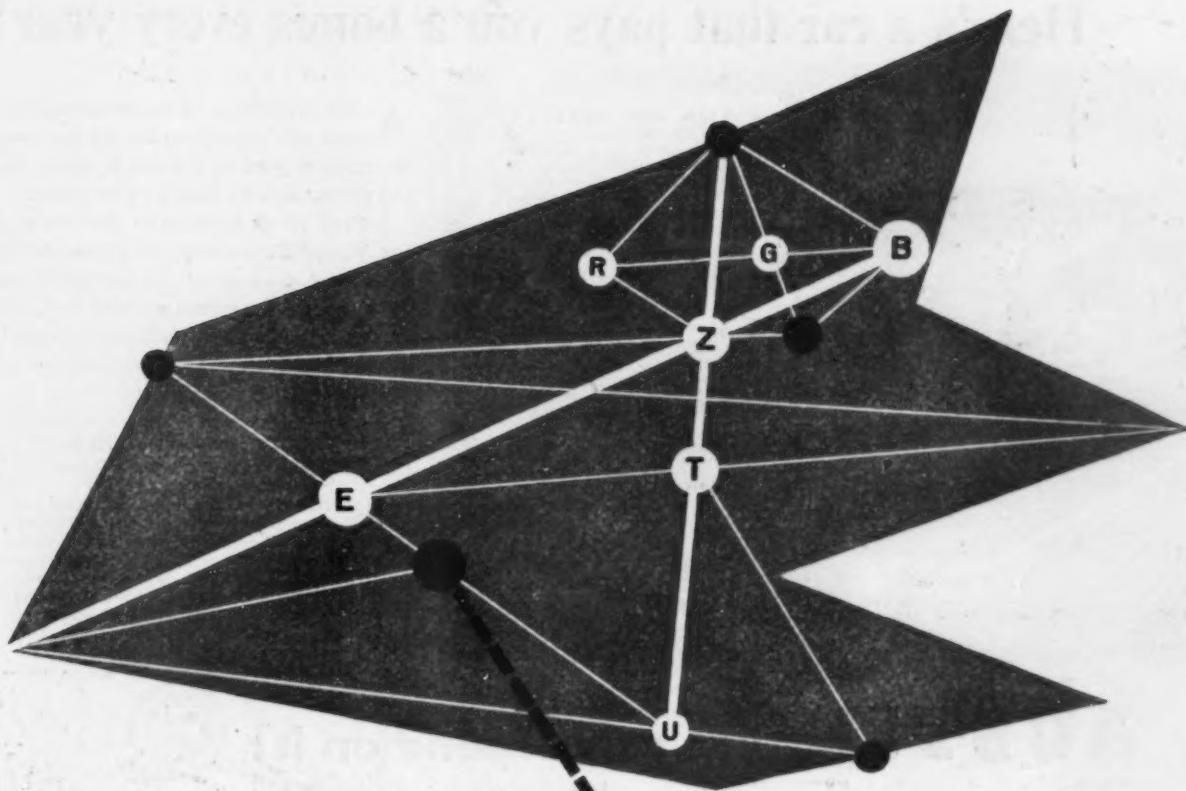


or don't your best friends know you?

Do you show your real self to those about you? Do you dare to? Or are you busy all the time concealing your true feelings behind a smiling mask of friendliness? Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, once remarked how easy it was "to smile and smile and be a villain". When you feel out of sorts, do you hide your bad temper in this way?

There's no need to wear a mask if you take Andrews. It does away completely with irritability, liverishness, malice aforethought. A glass of sparkling, happy-go-lucky Andrews in the morning and you're happy by nature for the rest of the day. Settles the stomach, leaves a clean taste in your mouth, makes you a regular guy.

ANDREWS FOR INNER CLEANLINESS



Olivetti Lettera 22

The machine with all the features of a standard typewriter - while remaining a really 'portable' portable.

The experienced typist judging the Lettera 22 finds it has all those up-to-the-minute, special features that could possibly be wished.

To the beginner, it is a machine which makes its appeal because of its great simplicity of operation. To both, it is a first-class piece of precision engineering, put together with all that skill in design which has made Olivetti famous.



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BRITISH OLIVETTI Ltd.

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Here's a car that pays you a bonus every year!



AUSTIN A70 HEREFORD

A remarkable car. Family saloon that cruises around 65; takes 5/6 people in restful, smooth comfort for very long distances. Like all Austins the Hereford has safety glass windows throughout. £596 plus £249. 9. 2d. Purchase Tax. Hide seats, heater, radio and clock extra.

AN AUSTIN gives you all the performance you could want. You get styling and equipment and finish as good as they can be made. And you get that little bit more for your gallon.

But you get something extra, and you get it free. You get Dependability. And Dependability means that given petrol, oil and water your Austin goes on and on and on. Your repair bills are few and far between. Each year your Austin saves you money, saves you worry and gives you the very best of motoring.

Taking your Austin abroad this year? Take advantage of the Austin Owners' Continental Touring Scheme

In addition to your normal travel allowance you can buy Austin Repair Vouchers in the U.K. to a value of £10, £25 or £50. They are valid for repairs and replacements at Austin Dealers or authorised garages on the Continent. When you return to the U.K. unused vouchers will be cashed. Touring kits containing invaluable equipment can also be borrowed for a nominal charge.

Ask your Austin Dealer for complete details

AUSTIN - you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM



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CALLING AT SOUTH AFRICA EN ROUTE AT NORMAL RATES

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PORTRAIT OF L. S. LOWRY by Nicholas Egon.
No. 1 in a series of advertisements showing the work of contemporary artists.

A BIG NAME IN THE CHEMICAL WORLD
Brotherton

Brotherton & Co. Ltd., City Chambers, Leeds, 1. Also at Manchester, Glasgow and London. Works at Birmingham, Wakefield and Birkenhead.

One of the world's largest manufacturers of hydro-sulphites, liquid sulphur dioxide and hexamine.

Makers of an extensive range of Metachrome dyes for dyeing wool in all its forms.

JEREZ CREAM Choicest Old Oloroso SHERRY

Rich and luscious with the outstanding quality and flavour that only AGE, EXPERT SELECTION and BLENDING in JEREZ (Spain) can produce

Shipped only by WILSON & VALDESPINO JEREZ · SPAIN



Obtainable from all leading Wine Merchants



Sealed

FOR PROTECTION

EssoLube motor oil is sealed for protection of quality. It keeps your car's engine running smoothly and efficiently — which is why the leading racing drivers always rely on it.

Approved

BY MOTOR MANUFACTURERS

This clear, clean mineral oil, approved by British motor manufacturers, is obtainable from leading garages and service stations in a wide range of grades that meet the requirements of all motor vehicles.

Guaranteed

BY ESSO

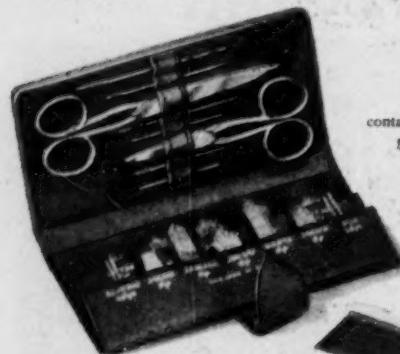
Every bottle of EssoLube motor oil bears the name of the world's largest and most experienced oil company — ESSO . . . your guarantee of outstanding quality, extra cleanliness and unequalled all-round engine protection.



EssoLube

THE TOP QUALITY MOTOR OIL

What finer Gift than the finest in Leather

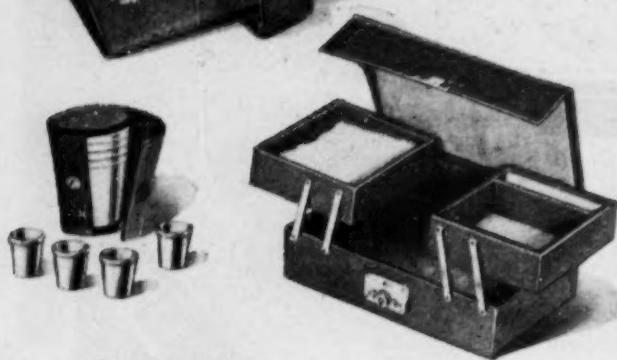


Leather case in various colours, containing scissors and needles, £3.0.0.

Set of 4 'Tot' beakers in Pigskin case, £2.5.0.

Ecrase Leather jewel case 7 ins. long. Rose, Tan, Royal Blue, £4.15.0.

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Scotch Whisky is the ideal drink for all occasions

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FLEET AIR ARM**



YOU CAN BE A NAVAL OFFICER

SPEND the best years of your life wisely, usefully and well. Make this a time rich in adventure. As an officer pilot or observer in the Fleet Air Arm you fly and you go to sea. You travel, receive good pay and make good friends.

You can make these years the most memorable of your life. If you stay on a fine career opens out before you. Or if you decide to leave the service you receive a gratuity of £450-£1,500 (depending

on length of service). And you know that your wide experience has given you a really good start in life.

There are three methods of entry: on 8 or 4 year Short Service commissions, or on a National Service commission. To qualify you should be between 17 and 26 years of age and physically fit. The educational standards required are those of School Certificate, G.C.E., S.L.C. or equivalent.

FULL DETAILS OF THESE COMMISSIONS

are given in a 24-page illustrated booklet describing the life, pay, etc., of pilots and observers in the Fleet Air Arm.

Write to-day for a copy to:

ADMIRALTY, N.C.W. BRANCH (FB/116), QUEEN ANNE'S MANSIONS, LONDON, S.W.1



DAKS suits



for leisure . . .

A suit made for all those occasions when you are neither in the office nor "down on the farm."

For the pleasant times when you can relax, yet must still look your best. For travelling.

For a house party. This typical Daks masterpiece is most popular today in the famous worsted flannel woven exclusively for Simpsons. The favourite shade this year is 'charcoal grey.'

S P
TAILORED

TWO WAYS TO GO ON HOLIDAY

Go in style — and comfort.

Go in 'Clydella'.

The Town-and-Country Shirt 49/6.

The Gameshirt 32/6.

There's nothing to equal
'Clydella'

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'VIVELLA'





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At any hour, any day or night, fire may strike at the nerve centre of your business — at the irreplaceable records and documents, the loss of which means business paralysis. You cannot insure against such a disaster, you *can* prevent it. Call in the Man from Remington Rand and he will suggest the plan and equipment to provide night and day safety for your business records.

*REMINGTON SAFE PRODUCTS

are monolithically constructed with an insulation which never deteriorates. They provide point-of-use protection for business records through the intense heats and impacts incidental to the severest fires. Safe Cabinets are certified to withstand fire rising to 2,000°F. for three hours; Safetifile 60, fire rising to 1,700°F. for at least one hour. Do they sound like the answer to your fire-risk worries? Let us prove that they are.

Send for the Man from

Remington Rand

COUPON I would like to learn more about Remington Rand Safe Products. Please ★ arrange for a representative to visit me. ★ send me informative free literature. (tick course of action required).

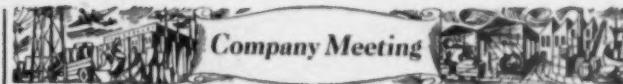
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REMINGTON RAND LTD, 1-19 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, WC1



THE BRUSH GROUP LIMITED

(Formerly The Brush Electrical Engineering Company Limited)
RISING WAGES v. COMPETITIVE ABILITY

Sir Ronald W. Matthews on Improved Trend of Trading

The sixty-fifth annual general meeting of The Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Ltd., was held on May 20th at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2.

Sir RONALD W. MATTHEWS, D.L., M.Inst.T. (the chairman), presided. The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

The year under review has been a period of keen price competition both at home and particularly in the overseas markets. A fall in turnover has been inevitable but the rate of gross profit earned on this reduced turnover by the Group's English factories was almost the same as in 1952.

CHANGE OF NAME TO THE BRUSH GROUP LIMITED

You will no doubt have observed that during recent months we have adopted for Group publicity purposes the title "The Brush Group." The significance of the former title the "BRUSH ABOE GROUP" was frequently misunderstood and your Board has considered it desirable that a simpler title should be adopted. The Board are now recommending that the name of the Company should be changed to "THE BRUSH GROUP LIMITED." Assuming this is agreed, the title of the Brush Electrical Engineering Company Limited will be immediately passed to a subsidiary company which we shall employ to manage the Loughborough Works on behalf of the parent company.

We shall thus have The Brush Group Limited as the parent company, Brush Electrical Engineering Company Limited carrying on business on the electrical side, and the engine companies carrying on business under their own names as they do at present. No transfer of assets is involved in this arrangement.

The present policy of the Board is to consolidate the structure of the Group and to make the fullest possible use of our existing manufacturing facilities which we consider to be fully adequate for our business. We are determined to achieve balance and stability and are giving continuous attention to ways and means of reducing overhead expenses in every part of our organisation.

Stockholders have no doubt noticed the recent announcement in the Press that Associated British Engineering Limited has sold its substantial holding of Brush Stock to Thomas Tilling Limited. Your Board welcome this association with an undertaking with such a distinguished history and wide repute.

The statement then reviews the Group's widespread manufacturing interests, comprising the Loughborough factory, Brush Bagnall Traction Ltd., Hopkinson Electric Company Ltd., Petters Ltd., J. & H. McLaren Ltd., The National Gas and Oil Engine Co. Ltd., Mirlees Bickerton & Day Ltd. and Vivian Engine Works Ltd.

SALES

The statement continues: We have faced keener competition throughout the world. Nevertheless the net intake of new orders both for the home and export markets exceeded the figures of 1952 and the year closed with an improved trend which has been maintained during the first quarter of 1954. But we have not yet reached the position where our order intake is equal to our production, and we have to face a situation in which not only price but short and punctual deliveries are an essential condition of success: and the continued upward trend of wages is threatening our ability to compete on price especially with our German competitors. Such a trend can only be justified by increased effort, for which we shall always be ready to provide appropriate incentives, and by economies in production to which contribution must be and is in fact being made at all levels in our organisation.

Our overseas sales force has been strengthened by the appointment of additional representatives in various parts of the world, and the establishment of branch offices in India, Pakistan and Venezuela. It is evident that there is a large and rapidly expanding market in Canada for Group products and our organisation in that country is being developed, to derive the maximum benefit. We are well aware that pro-British sentiment is not enough to secure business for us. We must prove to the customer, whatever his country, first that our products are up-to-date and efficient; secondly that they comply with his requirements rather than with what we think he should want; thirdly that they will be delivered on time; and fourthly that if need arises prompt and efficient service will be forthcoming on the spot. If we are to overcome competition both at home and abroad it is on these four points that we must stake our reputation.

We have entered the New Year with a not unhealthy order book, and with satisfactory prospects in most of our traditional markets and others that we are vigorously assaulting. The urge towards the development of the backward areas of the world grows stronger day by day, and The Brush Group is in every way armed to play its full part in that essential task. Our sales organisation is healthy and alert, our factories well managed and excellently equipped.

The report and accounts were adopted, and the change of name to "THE BRUSH GROUP LIMITED" was approved.

A full copy of the Statement is available on written request to Duke's Court, Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.1.



**This handicap
was no joke for us !**

You don't think it was from choice we used to carry weight on our chins. Grooming the whiskers was a gruelling job in my day. You lads have the Gillette Safety Razor and those thoroughbred Blue Gillette Blades to defeat the handicap. And now you've got the quick-feed Dispenser you're sure of getting off to a flying start.



Good mornings begin with Gillette

PUNCH

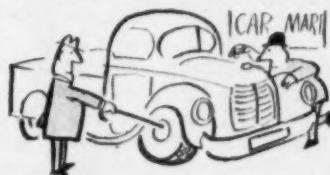


CHARIVARIA

PART of the Rev. Douglas Griffiths' plan to divert the energies of violent youth into calmer channels is a suggestion that a couple of lads might be "sent off with a half a crown to get to the Midlands and back during a week-end." The question is, whether the success of the experiment would offset the week-end statistics of coshings, housebreakings and car-thefts along the London-Birmingham road.

Political Veterans

SINCE the denationalization of the road haulage industry, announces Mr. Lennox-Boyd, only about a third



of the commercial vehicles offered for return to private ownership have found takers. Sales are not now expected to improve very much, and it is understood that the Ministry is drafting a long-term plan providing for the remaining eight thousand vehicles to take part in an annual Old Crocks race, which may gradually lead to their being snapped up for their curiosity value.

Too Much Victoria

DEPLORING Britain's flair for gloating over her victories, a letter-writer to the Press condemns the use of names like Trafalgar Square and Waterloo Station. Arrogant reactionaries, however, may take unkindly to a reformed map of London carrying too many such self-effacing entries as Danegeld Gardens, Hastings Road and Bannockburn Junction. Jutland Embankment is a tempting compromise, but such indecisive epics are rare in our military history, and the street-namer wishing to give the utmost play to his fairmindedness would be well advised

to strike off into the richer field of politics, where jewels like Groundnuts Crescent and Conference Square lie ready to his hand.

'Pun my Word!

THE TIMES has been decorating its more frivolous acres, such as the sporting page and the Law Reports, with a sudden efflorescence of punning headlines ("Libel on Tombstone: Grave Implications," "Bannister Runs Into Trouble," "Notts Tangle Remains Unravelled"). If this spreads on to the soldier pages ("Railway Dispute: Striking Differences," "London Transport Demands a Fair Increase") someone ought to be able to conduct a useful little poll on how far the average reader's sense of humour is behind the Times.

Dreamers on the Green

HYPNOTISM, already established in the maternity ward and the dental surgery, is now making its influence felt on the cricket field. Members of a Yorkshire club find that they can wake up and play with unusual skill after a period of hypnotically induced sleep. Spectators are not yet



used to the change, and after a similar experience simply wake up and go home.

Is This a Record?

THE Museum of the Public Record Office uses all the arts of display now. So gleaming, so conscientiously lighted, so clean, it makes one feel ungrateful to regret the days when it was housed in a disused chapel of cold grey Law Courts stone vaulted with fog. The records displayed are no longer Dickensian and musty, nor are they brisk and scholarly; they look as

though their setting has gained prizes from the Museums Association. The oddest things there are Mr. Woodrow Wyatt's Election Return and a notice that says "Smoking is Forbidden in the Repository at all times. You are now in the Repository."

Dirt for Art's Sake

A MALAYAN painter, Mr. Wu Tsai Yen, is shortly to demonstrate on television his new technique, which consists of putting the paint on the



canvas with his fingers, thumb, and palm. He should have waited for the arrival of commercial television, when one of the detergent companies would certainly have paid him quite a bit for demonstrating how he gets it off.

Last Straw for Camels

M.R. RICHARD ST. BARBE BAKER, founder of The Men of the Trees, told The Royal Geographical Society last week that the reclamation of the Sahara was now possible. Tree-planting, together with the use of water-divining instruments, could, he said, make the desert fruitful again. This is the sign for the formation of a Society for the Preservation of Historic Deserts, which, with the backing of many well-known humorous artists, will fight to persuade Mr. Baker to leave at least a few genuine mirages intact.

Marriage Guidance

CHURCH authorities in Toulouse have banned a marriage ceremony which was to have been solemnized with the bride and groom balancing on a steel wire fifty-eight feet from the ground while the officiating priest

perched on an extended fireman's ladder. The parties involved should have realized that, though marriages are made in heaven, fifty-eight feet in that direction is not enough.

Balance of Power

RUSSIA has at last begun to hand over to the Americans at Istanbul some of the naval vessels borrowed during the war for defence against Germany. And the Americans, it is reported, have decided to lend them straight away to Turkey for defence against Russia. It will save cartage, for one thing. Other nations interested in subscribing to this circulating navy are advised to put their names down early before the Germans, with their well-known logical turn of mind, apply to use the vessels for defence against Turkey.

Quoodle's Song

"Dogs—Man's chief defence against neurosis."—Plea at Animal Welfare Conference.

THEY suffer from psychoses
The fallen sons of Eve;
But even the neuroses
Their analyst discloses
Are not what they suppose
But largely make-believe.

So Quoodle here discloses
The sort of help they need
To drop their Freudian poses:
Just take them walks in rowses.
The only rule he knows is
They must be on a lead.



APPRECIATION



THE following curious document was found in a hollow tree in Battersea Park. As far as can be ascertained, it is a kind of directive, or appreciation, relating to the Geneva Conference, from "Citadel" (the Kremlin?) to someone with the code name "Tonsure." It may be well to add that there is nothing in it which refers, directly or indirectly, to the disappearance of Burgess and Maclean.

(i) The first essential is to keep the Geneva Conference in being while military operations develop satisfactorily in Indo-China. This should not be difficult as long as Mr. Eden is in Geneva. He can be relied on, with the aid of a little discreet flattery and consideration, to go on discussing the terms of a hypothetical truce while a massive offensive against Hanoi is being mounted. This is expected to take about a month. Thereafter the Conference may safely be disbanded.

(ii) The continuance of the Conference should likewise prevent the Laniel Government in France from either falling or having a policy on Indo-China, or, for that matter, on anything else. At the same time, it should not be difficult to ensure that the gap between M. Bidault in Geneva and his Government in Paris is steadily widened, to the point that the frustration of both becomes total.

(iii) To bring about this result, it may be necessary actually to permit the evacuation of wounded from Dien Bien Phu. Agreement in principle, however, should suffice, and then a series of 'difficulties' can conveniently be raised.

(iv) Another recourse which is always available is to invoke the aid of Mr. Nehru, who can be relied on, at the requisite moment, to produce a 'peace plan for Indo-China' whose discussion and final rejection can be indefinitely protracted. This device has been used before with highly satisfactory results, and there would seem to be no reason why it should not serve as satisfactorily again.

(v) As for exacerbating relations between London and Washington, there is no necessity at the moment for any positive action. Present trends can all be considered favour-

able, and the only possible danger would be a change of Government in London. This, at the moment, would appear to be unlikely, but everything possible should be done to keep Sir Winston Churchill in Downing Street and Mr. Eden in the Foreign Office. Here, suitable comment in the Soviet Press, and through other channels, may prove helpful. Anglo-Soviet cordiality should be ostentatiously cultivated, and it may even prove worth while to repeat the old, but still serviceable, 'peaceful co-existence' motif.

(vi) On a longer view, plans are already in existence for taking over Siam after the final collapse of the Bao Dai régime in Indo-China. The necessary 'resistance' leaders have already been appointed, and all requisite preparations have been made to proclaim a People's Siamese Government. From Siam similar operations will be extended to Malaya, Burma and, ultimately, India. In the case of Malaya, it should now be possible confidently to assume that when the British appeal for help to defend the 'liberties' of their Chinese and Malayan subjects the only response will be a hearty and world-wide laugh."

This absurd document amply confirms the fact that the Russians, like the Nazis before them, completely misunderstand the basis of British policy and intentions. It is quite clear that Mr. Eden's great diplomatic talent is directed towards achieving peace, freedom and stability in South East Asia; that Mr. Nehru is his most valuable ally in such an endeavour, and that Anglo-American solidarity is assured as long as Sir Winston Churchill is still directing our affairs. The continuance of the Geneva Conference at all is largely due to Mr. Eden's efforts, for which he deserves the highest praise. Let it never be forgotten that as long as Russians, Britons, Chinese, French and Americans are talking in Geneva, they are not (Indo-China apart) fighting.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

• •

"This is a test. Return this card with \$2 and you will . . ."—Publicity hand-out
Fluffed it again.



"A vast cave containing larger and whiter stalactitic formations than the Cango caves in Cape Province has been discovered near Krugersdorp . . . The years have twisted some of them into astonishingly lifelike patterns."—The Times



Merrily We Roll Along

By P. G. WODEHOUSE



IF you are thinking of paying a visit to New York one of these days be prepared for the New York taxi-driver or hackie. He is quite different from his opposite number in London, partly because his name is always something like Rostopchin or Prachebizesky but principally owing to his habit of bringing with him quips and cranks and wreathed smiles, like the Nymph in *L'Allegro*. Except for an occasional gruff grunter, all the taxi-drivers over here are rapid-fire comedians, and they are given unlimited scope for their Bob Hopefulness by the fact that in American cabs there is no glass shutter separating them from the customer.

There are some who place the blame for the exuberance of these fauna on the newspaper men who for years have been fostering the legend of the witty taxi-driver. They, the taxi-drivers, says one

soured commentator, "have been exalted as a group and called brilliant conversationalists so long that they have come to believe the stories they have read about themselves and so ham it up and babble nonsense over their shoulders whenever they have a passenger who will listen."

It may be so, but myself I think it all dates back to the time when one of them, a man who liked his joke of a morning, chanced to drive Eddie Cantor one day and on the strength of his *bons mots* got enrolled on the latter's staff of gag writers. The word went round that fame and fortune awaited the hackie with a good comedy routine and the boys buckled down to it seriously, with the result that if you take a taxi now you find yourself in the position of one of those Hollywood magnates who get acted at all the time.

You know how it is if you are a

Hollywood studio boss with jobs in the pictures to give away. Never a peaceful moment. Your butler recites *Gunga Din* at you as he brings your breakfast. Your chauffeur, learning from the grapevine that a big musical is coming along, sings *O Sole Mio* as he helps you into your car. And when you get to the office and think the worst is over, your secretary, as she hands you your mail, goes into a quick monologue whimsically humorous for the most part but always with the tear behind the smile. And when you return home in the evening, you get the butler again, this time in imitations of popular screen favourites.

It is much the same when you take a New York cab. A taxi ride in New York is not so much a taxi ride as an audition. The hackie's opening words are enough to warn you of the shape of things to come.

"I want to go to the Cunard-White Star pier," you say.

"Okay. Don't be long," he ripostes, quick as a flash.

"You know the way there, I suppose?"

"Garsh, yes, it ain't no secret."

Then he settles down to his work. A few gay observations on the weather and Senator McCarthy and he is ready for the big yok.

"Say, mister."

"Hullo?"

"Your name ain't Crime, by any chance, is it?"

"Crime?"

"C-r-i-m-e."

"Oh, Crime? No. Why?"

"Just thinking of a feller I had in my crate the other day. We got talking and he said his name was George Crime."

"Odd name."

"What I thought. Well, sir, we get to where he wants to go and he hops out and starts walking away. 'Hi, brother,' I say, 'ain't you forgetting something? You ain't paid for the ride.' 'Why would I?' he says. 'Haven't you ever heard that crime doesn't pay?' Hey, hey, hey."

You laugh politely, but inwardly you are saying "Not so good, Pschebiszewskey." The build-up a little too obvious and elaborate, you feel. Besides, that gag was in the *Saturday Evening Post* last week. But hark, he is continuing.

"Say, mister."

"Hullo?"

"English, ain't you?"

"That's right."

"I see by the papers there's a lot of talk over there about this hydrogen bomb."

"Quite a good deal."

"Same here. Fission. That's all they talk about. Just fission. Now that's a funny thing. I can remember the time when fission was a thing you did in the creek with a hook and line. Hey, hey, hey."

If the newspaper men really are responsible for this sort of thing they have much to answer for. The only poor consolation one has is the reflection that if this had been taking place on the stage one would by now have been hit over the head with a rolled-up umbrella.

Only once have my cordial relations with New York taxi-drivers been marred, and remorse still grips me when I think of it. My charioteer had opened brightly and confidently, getting a few well-spotted laughs at the expense of the police force and the street-cleaning system, and then he said:

"English, ain't you?"

"That's right."

"I see by the papers there's a lot of talk over there about this hydrogen bomb."

"Quite a good deal."

"Don't talk about much else, do they?"

"Not much."

"Funny thing, that. I can remember—"

"Yes," I said. "You know how it is in England. All that interests them is huntin', shootin' and fission."

He gave a startled gasp, and silence fell, lasting till we arrived at my destination. My better self had woken by now and I gave him a fifty-cent tip, but there was no light in his sombre eyes as he accepted it. The unforgivable sin had been committed. His straight man had let him down. He was feeling as Danny Kaye might feel if his supporting cast started hogging the comedy. As he drove away, his head was bowed and his air that of one who has been wounded in his finest feelings.

But cheer up, Rostopchin. To-morrow is another day, Pschebiszewskey. There will be other English clients, and I know that that sparkle will be back in your eyes as you say:

"English, ain't you?"

"That's right."

"I see by the papers there's a lot of talk over there . . ."

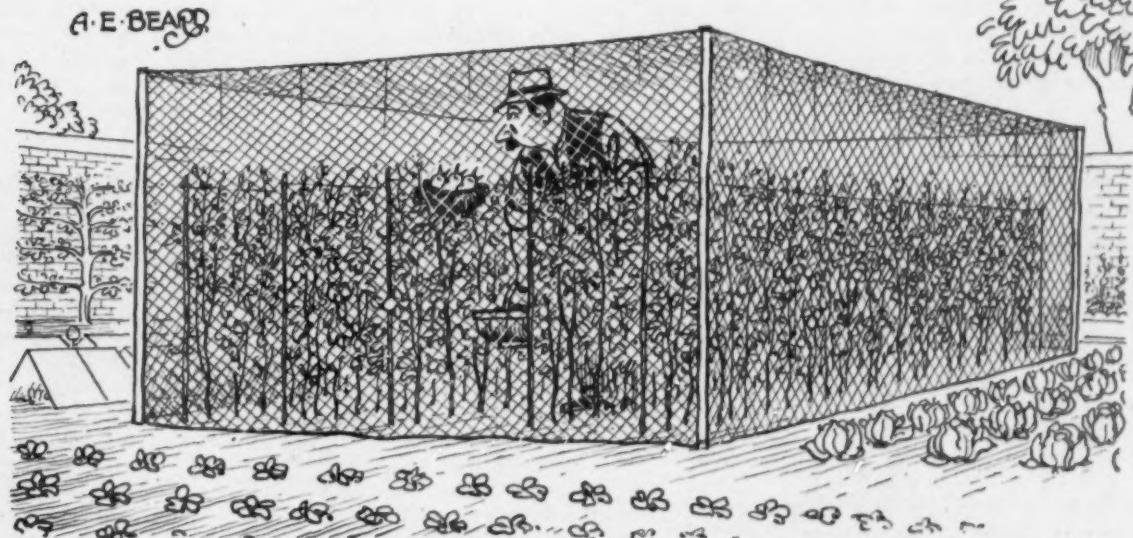
And so merrily on to the big wow.

 2

"THIRD EYE SPECIALIST REQUIRED
Kilmarnock Complaint"

The Scotsman

And a pretty nasty complaint, at that.



Diary of a Tramp

By RONALD DUNCAN

TAMORNA is a typical Cornish village. It contains everything but a Cornishman. The Pengillys and Trevelyanys are no more. These natives sold their whitewashed hovels at piratical prices in the boring 'forties and now stare out their days beside their television sets in semi-detached villas in Penzance. Not one remained to tell the tale how Bloomsbury invaded them and Bayswater bought them up. What was once a mere fishing village is now a centre of culture. Its rocky cove now holds the flower of Central Europe, and its High Street is as narrow as the minds of its inhabitants are broad.

A Polish painter shares the old smithy with a novelist from Czechoslovakia. The old lighthouse now contains more vision than light, with a Scottish poet with d.t.s in the ground floor living on his ability to listen to folk songs transfigured by the wealthy composer who dwells in the tower. What was once a boat house is now a tea shop kept by two perennial virgins who, having turned their backs on immortal sin, now dwell in platonic friendship. They paint too. Indeed, one may see that Tamorna is as industrious as ever, with the inhabitants eking out a living by taking in each other's Picasso and airing their private lives in public.

Spring always brings me straight to the coast. Let others be lyrical about laburnum and lilac: my delight is lobster. Each season has its flowers; this one has flavours. And this is the time when Cornish fishermen stir their winter stumps and set their pots

again. At the thought of this I close my eyes against the magnolia and all unpalatable beauty and roll my tongue over all the affluence of spring.

For the last two hours I have been mooching around the quay, but I haven't seen a sign of a cockle or a whelk, let alone a lobster. There's only one fishing boat in the harbour, but the number of crates and pots on board shows the owner means business. Here he comes, a typical Cornish fisherman. He sports suède shoes, a beard, and a smart beret. Educated at Eton and Tangier, with a passport in every pocket and a broad arrow in his haversack. He glances at me with disdain; my rags to him are the mark of failure.

"Are you going out lobstering?" I ask, with all the simplicity of an elk.

"It would appear so."

"Can I come out and give you a hand?" I offer, my greed for shellfish overcoming my fear of the sea.

He looks me up and down suspiciously, then decides to take the risk. "I suppose you have got a pair of hands as well as a pair of feet," making a somewhat unnecessary reference to my profession. "O.K., I'll sign you on."

I jump down from the quay, relishing all the smells of tarred rope and tallow.

"You tramps haven't got a union?" he asks apprehensively.

"No, you may pay me in kind. I should be content with a lobster for the night's work."

But at this he laughs uproariously. "I like that," he says, "you'll be content with a lobster. I must say that's one

way of putting it."

"Or a couple," I add.

"Or a couple!" he repeats, still roaring with laughter. "I wonder how far we'd have to go to find a couple. Billingsgate no doubt."

I smile wanly, failing to see the joke.

He steers out of the cove, then round the point, keeping well out from the treacherous granite cliffs. The setting sun looks like a port-hole in the sky. As it slides beneath the horizon darkness moves in

without warning, since the open sea carries no shadows. The ocean is always lonely. At night it is loneliness. But my companion, tinkering with the engine, seems quite unaware of our isolation.

We nose into this dark well of silence for another hour, with nothing but the monotonous noise of the engine to perforate it. Then suddenly a searchlight mounted on the prow probes the waves.

"Are you looking for rocks?" I ask fearfully.

"Floats, you fool."

Then he throttles down the engine and we slide alongside a small red flag which bobbles up and down on a lump of cork.

"First pot," he announces, "heave her up!"

It's a long business pulling the cold wet rope up over the side of the boat. As the wicker pot comes in view my mouth begins to water in anticipation.

"There's a lobster in it!" I cry triumphantly.

"Don't pull my leg," my companion growls. "This is a serious business."

"But there is!" I say, dragging the pot on board.

"Well, I'll be ——" says the fisherman with utter disgust in his voice.

I soon discover why, for the next five pots we heave up prove even better business. The first contains four dozen bottles of cognac, the second is filled with Benedictine and the third with Chartreuse. The rest of the haul placed in the depths by French fishermen completes the wine list.

We tie up to the quay again well before dawn.

"You can have that wretched lobster," the fisherman says.

"Payment in kind," I remind him, taking it and a bottle of three-star with which to wash it down.

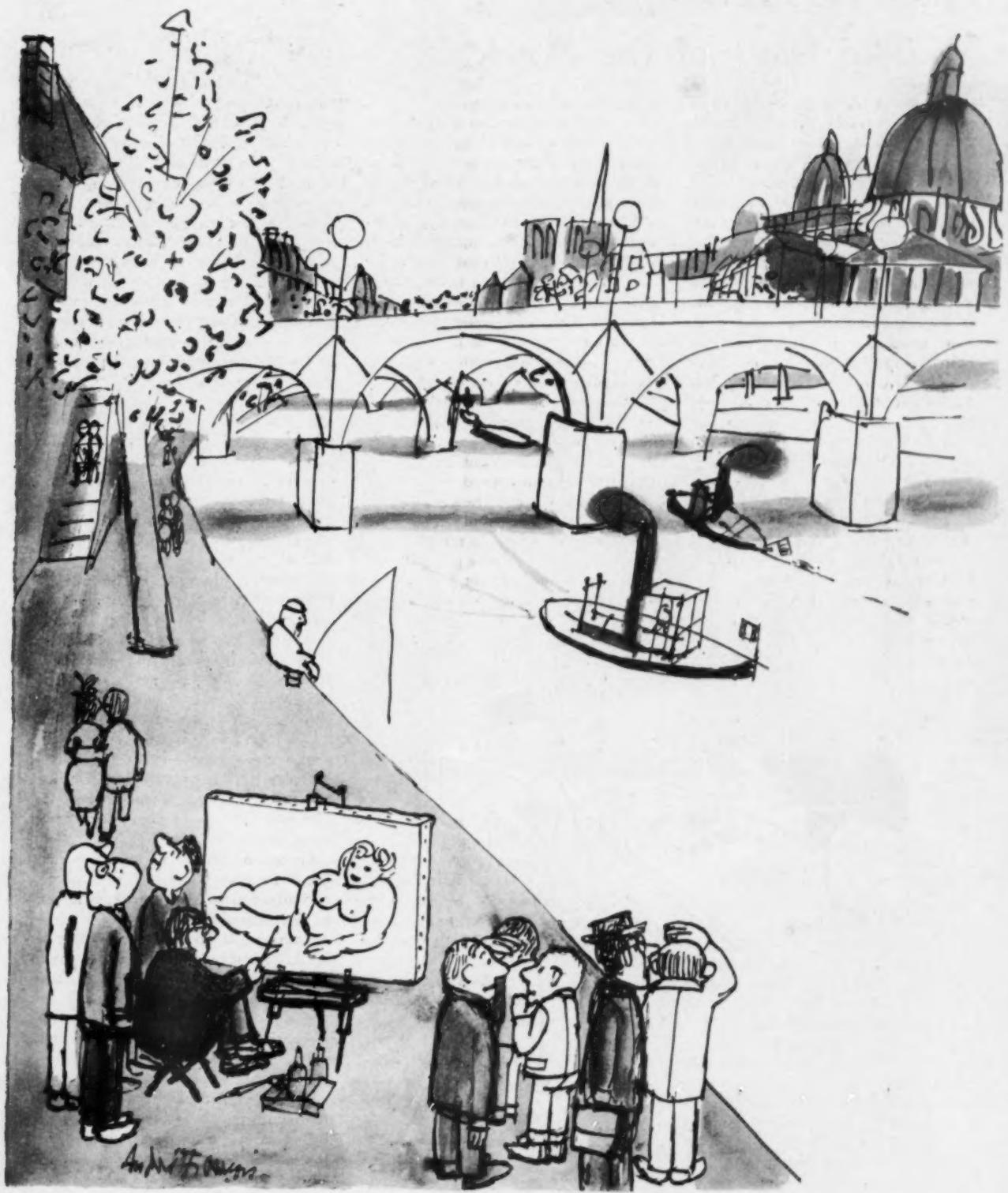


"For most of the year Mr. Persse rises at seven each morning and is at the stables within half an hour. With the help of about 25 men he has run the administrative side of the establishment almost single-handed."

Daily Telegraph

Oh, well, that's the modern worker.





A Journalist Looks Back

The Days of the Week

By CLAUD COCKBURN



ERHAPS lively institutions, however small, actually create or propagate people to go with them, as new hats create new faces. That, at any rate, was what Mr. B felt about his own existence and that of my little newsletter, *The Week*.

"It really," he used to say to me, "has made my life." And this he intended not in the sense in which people say "This has made my day" but more literally, meaning that had there been no *Week* there would have been no Mr. B either: it had evoked him. I have to call him just Mr. B because I

hope, though I scarcely believe, he is alive, and if he is, he is certainly in some awfully delicate and ticklish situation somewhere, where any careless word might upset his apple-cart.

His first impingement upon my affairs, with which he was to be so long, if indefinitely, associated, was characteristically sudden and never fully explained. He manifested himself just after dinner one evening during the 1930s, in a corner of the ground-floor dining-room of the Café Royal, London. By hindsight I can appreciate that it may have been the sort of occasion that was bound to conjure up Mr. B.

A lot of people were over for the crisis. I forget the details, but informed circles reported civilization sinking fast, and the place was packed with journalists from everywhere, foreign diplomatic people, spies who had heard the Café Royal was the place for indiscretions, and people from the provinces who had heard it was the place to see such people as Frank Harris and Oscar Wilde.

I had to admire the attitude of a man from the Treasury who prefaced everything he said to me with the words "Strictly between these four walls." My other guests at dinner had been my uncle, who was a Canadian banker with a side interest in small Central American revolts, and Mr. Ezra Pound. My uncle had come to give me a present—it was some information about how to get a number of machine-guns, very cheap, in Marseilles. The information was, in point of fact, perfectly useless to me, but it was a kind thought, since my uncle sincerely believed that a youngish man, interested in world politics and journalism, could always find something to do with some cheap machine-guns. I wanted to give him a present too, for in a fit of irritation I had caused the Special Branch at Dover to form the impression that he was me, and he complained they had half stripped him, looking for secret documents. He was very much interested in poetry, and my present to him was this meeting with the poet Ezra Pound.

Pound, a Single-Taxer and Social Credit man from way back (misunderstandings which led him in the end into a grim political Sinister Street), liked to meet a banker in the flesh, the way a Prohibitionist could like to meet a distiller. The conversation moved fast, in the manner of trains passing in opposite directions. My uncle wanted to speak of the Greek Anthology and matters therefrom arising. Pound preferred to discuss usury through the ages.

The coffee and brandy were rippling in the storm when there materialized before us the small, puckered figure of the personage I later knew as Mr. B. With a smile that was at once anxious, eager and loving, he stood asking





permission to join our little party. None of us had ever before set eyes on him. Each of us, supposing him to be a friend of one of the others, assented. For the next half-hour or so he listened silently to the conversation, nodding considered approval of everything said, particularly when the Treasury man warned us for the twentieth time that what he was going to tell us now must remain strictly between those four walls.

When the others had to leave, Mr. B remained to talk with me, and almost immediately propounded a plan for us to get together and burgle the Hungarian Legation. Rather surprised, I asked him what good it would do? He said "Excuse me... I thought for your little paper. I thought it would be something

nice for *The Week*." He looked at me with a shade of suspicion clouding the glad eagerness of his eyes. "You are the Editor of *The Week*?"

I reassured him and he introduced himself, apologizing for being a total stranger, but explaining his intrusion on our "little party" as being due to his admiration for the paper. I inquired what on earth he supposed we should know after burgling the Hungarian Legation which we didn't know already.

He favoured me with a slow, widening smile of admiration.

"Excuse me, Mr. Cockburn," he said. "That's wonderful, that's nice. You are so right. As usual, *The Week* has the correct point of view."

From then on, sometimes in London,

sometimes in Paris or Geneva or the Balkans, he was in constant evidence as *The Week's* most ardent lover. His passport—at least, the only one I personally ever saw him use—said he was Swiss, and an engineer. But his abode was very unfixed, and he was not interested in talking about engineering. That, he said, was just a way of making money, not a full life. Whereas *The Week*... To get "nice information" for the paper and co-operate with it in every way was, he said, his real happiness.

Sometimes his attentions were embarrassing. Once he wrote an article. There were a couple of lines of introduction, and the whole of the rest was given as a direct quotation from "the authoritative and highly-informed

British Newsletter *The Week*." He sent it to an Egyptian newspaper, which published it. The whole of the matter between the quotation marks was a more or less accurate, but criminally libellous, allegation against a prominent and powerful figure of British finance, whom *The Week* had never so much as mentioned at any time.

When I complained of this behaviour Mr. B said he had thought it the kind of thing *The Week* should have written, certainly would have written if we had thought of it, and he wanted us to get the credit for a useful piece of work. He added a revealing observation. "You see," he said, "without *The Week* I should never have guessed what perpetrations that fellow-me-lad was up to."

"But *The Week* has never written anything about him."

"I know," said Mr. B, "but it has thrown me into a state of mind."

In his state of mind Mr. B dashed about Europe, and even parts of Latin America, sometimes acquiring information, sometimes just getting into trouble, for his vision of *The Week's* function in the world was a large one. There was a moment early in the Abyssinian War

when he got out of Genoa a scant fifteen minutes ahead of the police. He had been there on some engineering project, and taken time off to try to arrange things so that an Italian ship would blow up in the middle of the Suez Canal, wrecking the Canal and blocking Badoglio's supply lines. I have no idea what story he told the engineering company, but to me he said that it had struck him as "such a very *The Week* thing to get to happen."

He always collected a lot of stories and delivered them free. ("For me, a privilege, Big Boy, a privilege.") They were of two kinds. There were stories which not only looked as though they might be true but looked as though Mr. B might have come across them if they were—stories, for instance, vaguely involving engineering projects here or there. These were as a rule fairly easy to check and 90 per cent of them turned out to have no foundation at all.

On being told that one of these had again proved baseless, Mr. B was undisturbed. "No matter," he would say, "it was just commonplace stuff anyway." In the course of years I grew to understand his insouciance in this

respect: these stories were connected with the everyday world, engineering and the like. They were not emanations from the higher, headier world of *The Week*. He did not mind that they could not be published.

His other kind of stories could hardly ever be published either. They were far-fetched, hopelessly exaggerated, virtually incredible. They would have made one a laughing stock. The only other thing about them was that six months, or a year, or two years later they always turned out to be absolutely true.

Weeks, and sometimes months, before they occurred Mr. B's improbable stories foretold, in considerable detail, quite a number of the major financial scandals, assassinations, treacheries and upheavals of the 1930s. And I—heaven forgive me—over and over again used to turn them down, laughing indulgently at Mr. B, and telling him he had developed too sensational a state of mind. And he would listen to me submissively but a little reproachfully, no doubt recalling that it was *The Week* that had put him into it.

In the end, I think, he felt that he had outgrown his spiritual home. His attendances became less frequent. He talked of transplanting himself altogether to the Far East. The last time I saw him was in the early summer of 1939, and he poured out an incredible rigmarole which had to do with the researches of some scientist with whom, he said, he had been "in contact" in Zurich. "Nice information?" he asked, with a little of his old hopefulness. I had not the heart to tell him that it sounded as though he had been reading the science-fiction strips in the newspapers. Some years later I saw the name of the scientist he had mentioned—it was in a list, published after the War, of people supposed to have been Hitler's principal backroom boys in the development of the V1 and the V2.



Old Irish Customs

"Notice No. 669 issued by the Irish Republic Revenue Commissioners, provides for the continued suspension of Customs Duties until 31st March, 1955, on cartridges and golf balls. It should be noted that golf balls are not chargeable with duty notwithstanding the suspension of the duty."

Harper's Sports and Games

The Rake's Progress : The Doctor

By RONALD SEARLE



1. ADVENT Deeply moved by incidence of Dropped Arches among the working classes. Becomes dedicated student



2. SUCCESS Brilliant graduate. MRCP. FRCS. MC OGS. first paper in *The Lancet* quoted by *Time and Tide*



3. TRIUMPH Enormous practice in the Rhondda Valley. Beloved by all



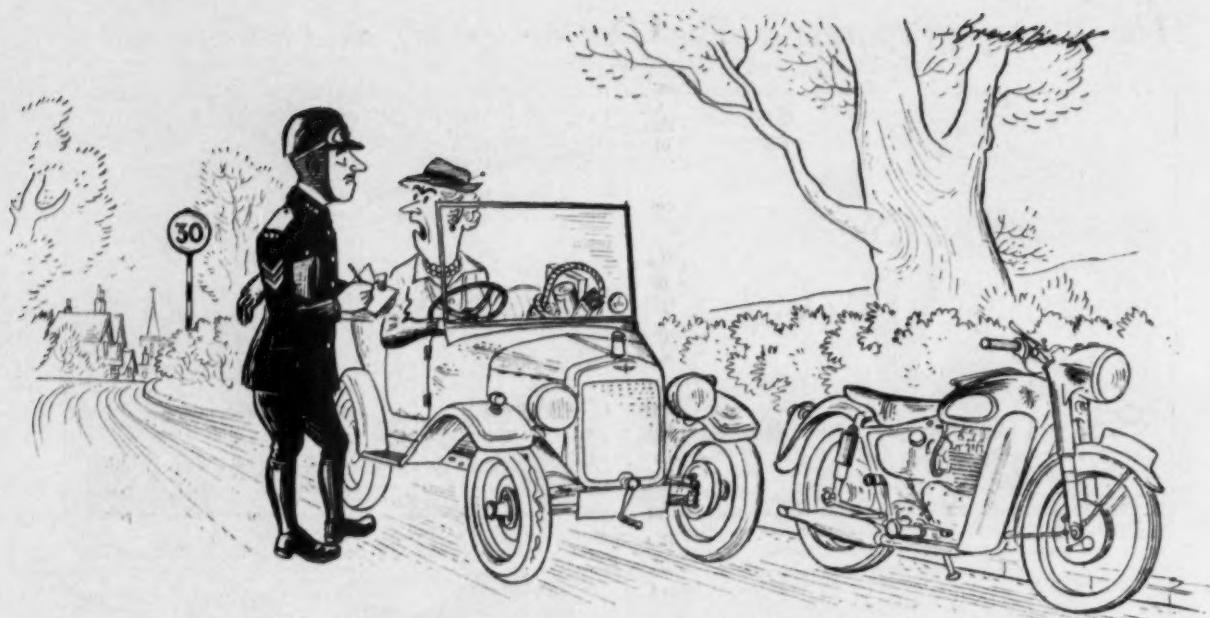
4. REWARD Undermined by constant night calls develops Night Service



5. TEMPTATION In Sanatorium writes blackleg magazine series on slipped discs. Sensational success. Receives autographed photo from A. J. Cronin



6. DOWNFALL Resigns from BMA. Joins Tribune as medical correspondent. Stoned in Harley Street. Leaves body to Science



"You know perfectly well the insurance certificate is in the top left-hand drawer of the desk your Auntie Frances left us."

A Lighthouse May be Said to Beam, Evidently

(A stray chapter written after reading "Self Condemned," the first novel by Wyndham Lewis since 1937)

TAPERING upward like a lighthouse, Henry Smith stood in his study rooted upon a carpet bilious in colour.

"The eye of course is the key, I take it you see that."

"I see that of course," William muttered.

It would surely be difficult in the extreme not to see that! Did this egregious lighthouse-figure imagine himself to be in possession of a truth uncomprehended by the frowning multitude? For twenty-five years every critic of Wyndham Lewis had insisted on it.

This fact evidently stood in need of being trotted out. For a short space of time William took into consideration the idea of mentioning same. But before this was possible his self-appointed mentor chose to direct a lighthouse-beam of conscious "insight"—for great "insight" was the complacent possession of Henry Smith Esq.!—upon another feature of his subject.

"I would draw your attention," the

By RICHARD MALLETT

lighthouse-man continued, "to Lewis's extraordinarily uneven literary style. Check by jowl with some visual image of the greatest force and subtlety a piece of positively commercial English is resorted to. A philosophical argument of the first order dribbles away in a curious tired facetiousness. How do you explain that?"

He was called upon to *explain* it now was he! William exhibited annoyance but the lighthouse was fashioned only for emitting light, attentiveness to the effect of its beams was a matter it was not well up in. No.

"I see what you mean Henry!"

Henry Smith settled himself more firmly upon the rock of his splayed feet and assumed a formal smile.

"You are wrong there," he told William. "I mean wrong in style. In *The Wild Body* and *Tarr* and *The Apes of God* and *The Chilternians* and *Snoopy*

Baronet there is a marked absence of commas in dialogue, but even fourteen years ago, in *The Revenge for Love*, Lewis was using them in the orthodox fashion, at least when handling the vocative. If this were the new book you would find yourself saying 'I see what you mean, Henry!' The comma would present itself to view in the expected place."

"What about 'of course'?" William said.

"Well there is that."

"There is that of course!" William smiled.

From the furthest corner of the sea where the lighthouse towered upon its splay-footed rock arose a fracas; the study door sprang open, slapping the wall after the manner of a beaten carpet, and Mrs. Henry Smith put in her appearance. Halfway up the statuesque façade of this enormous harridan protruded a small platform, a tray thickly strewn with small cups of hideous design destined for the reception of coffee.

"You men must be thirsty!" the newcomer was heard to remark.

A cursory glance at the contents of the tray was more than enough to apprise William of the fact that the word *thirsty* meant for him something quite different to what it would appear to mean for Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith.

"By jove yes we are!" sang the husband of the voluminous intruder.

The lighthouse moved from its position, it might be necessary to inform Trinity House! But refusing all assistance the huge piece of female statuary advanced and was about to set down the tray with its dubious load upon a small table.

"Mind!" was the husband's premonitory cry as he fluttered a stormy-petrel hand. "That is the book which forms the topic of our discussion." He fiercely abstracted same from the proposed resting-place of the tray.

"Oh Henry are you being clever again," said the old girl in tones of disapproval.

That gentleman having resumed his position failed to be in receipt of a look of significance aimed at him by William as a result of the audible absence of commas from the beldame's pronouncement.

"When we have had some coffee," Henry said, inserting a finger between the pages of the book, "we will talk about Lewis's habit of *elegant variation* as Fowler calls it, I have a mind to discuss that."

The lighthouse had resumed its station, the sea-lanes of culture were once more safe for the anxious navigator. But first, William thought, one got a little refreshment at least. Coffee was better than nothing. There was that.



Chicks at the Flicks

An investigation into children's reactions to films has been conducted for the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust by Miss Mary Field, who found that children in Camden Town "do not bat an eyelid" at scenes of violence which distress those of Chippenham, Wilts.

WITH children reared at Chippenham

*The mildest plots go down,
But pictures with a zip in 'em
Are "musts" at Camden Town—
With sawn-off shotgun rippin' 'em
The villain wins renown,
And films that make a nipper numb
From nervousness at Chippenham
Have not a hope of grinnin' 'em
In London's Camden Town.*

With feud and frontier trouble you
Their little minds can cram
In all parts of N.W.,
But not in Chippenham.

Assassins, growing ranc'rous,
Plunge daggers to their hilts.
"Hooray!" cries young St. Pancras.
"Horrible!" cries young Wilts.

From Warminster to Pewsey,
From Salisbury to Seend,
The Wiltshire child is choosey,
Reflective, and refeened.

His coins you can't inveigle
With violence and crime.
It's nice Miss Anna Neagle
Who gets him every time.

Jean Simmons is an asset,
And Bambi packs them in,
But at Oare and Wootton Bassett
The fledglings flinch from Flynn.

While every shrimp at Shrewton
Was charmed by "Mr. Chips,"
They like their Robert Newton
In well-diluted nips.

And youngsters of all sizes
Deplore the lust to kill
At Amesbury, Devizes
And Longbridge Deverill.

O'Rourke—aggressive Mountie,
Who always gets his man—
In Wiltshire's tranquil county
Oft jars the junior fan.

In Camden Town, how flimsy
Such fripperies appear!
Romance is out, and whimsy
Rejected with a jeer.

For kindergarten Cockneys love
To see the Rule of Law
Asserted by a loaded glove
A-socking of a jaw.

When suitor raps with pebbles
His dear one's window-pane
They raise their childish trebles
In deafening disdain,

And stars enacting, chin to chin,
The final close-up kiss
Are mocked by every moppet in
The north Metropolis.

Ye Ranks and Balcons, hearken well!
One cinematic code
Inspires the young from Clerkenwell
To Caledonian Road.

"Tis this: That sentiment is tosh.
They dearly dote on blood,
The music of a well-aimed cosh,
The sweetly sickening thud.

The bairns of Barnsbury wish to
state
They want their drama stark,
And tales of torture titivate
The tots of Tufnell Park.

"Do hurry with the dinner, Ma!
How can you be so slow?
There's an A-film at the cinema
And you promised we should go!"

*While seraph-like at Chippenham
The children settle down
To films with ne'er a slip in 'em
That prompts a parent's frown,
On London screens they're strippin' 'em
Of wallet, gem and gown,
And wallopin' and whippin' 'em,
Which chills the child of Chippenham,
But hark at 'em hip-hippin' 'em—
The kids of Camden Town!*

PERCY CUDLIPP

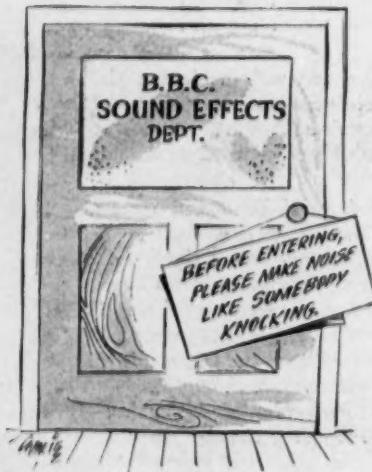
A Family Affair

AUCKLAND

THE blow has fallen. The news has come like a bolt from the blue. Or possibly from the pink—you can never be sure nowadays. The British Council is giving up its activities in New Zealand.

It would be ridiculous to suggest that this Dominion had become in any sense, culturally speaking, an occupied country. During the period in which the British Council has been active in New Zealand a few of us natives have kept on pottering away happily, without distraction or interference, at our own arts and crafts, as we did in the years B.B.C. We have felt no need to go underground. And we have, at the same time, been able to enjoy some notable benefactions at the hands of the B.C. No hint of ingratitude must be allowed to creep into this piece of prose. The more optimistic of us have, indeed, been looking forward to a lifetime of spectacular drama and ballet seasons, lectures by distinguished nuclear physicists and disciples of Toynbee, and art exhibitions mapping the remotest and cosiest corners of the romantic jungle.

I see now that we have been taking things altogether too much for granted. For the bubble has broken. Santa Claus has crossed our chimney off his list. We shall no longer be able to have fun at the expense of that magnanimous yet sombre character, the British taxpayer.



By A. R. D. FAIRBURN

One could waste a great deal of time wondering about the reasons for this evacuation. Is it that we have now graduated, and may be expected from now on to make our own way? Or is it just that we are beyond hope? I rather fancy that I know the real answer. I cast my mind back to an occasion, some years ago, when I was talking to a British Council representative. I suggested to him, with true native cunning, that if we in New Zealand were to stage a few street demonstrations in favour of secession from the Commonwealth, and arrange for an angry mob to throw a number of half-bricks through the windows of the British Council headquarters, we might ensure a steady stream of the very best things Britain could send us in the way of music, painting and drama. He gave me a knowing smile.

It is too late now for anything of that sort. The British Council is going. The High Command has apparently realized at last, what has been evident to some of us all along, that from a propaganda point of view the Council has been behaving like a man who waters the garden without noticing that it has been raining heavily for the past month.

What, I am impelled to ask, can we do in return? Since Britain no longer seems to be interested in maintaining any bonds of Empire except those made of butter and mutton, can we step into the breach and set up a New Zealand Council? In order to hoodwink the New Zealand taxpayer it would ostensibly be directed towards elevating the prestige of New Zealand culture and the New Zealand way of life in countries where hostility or indifference to our precious heritage are rampant—and it must be said that this latest development puts Britain somewhere near the head of the queue.

Its real effect would be to provide our loyal kinsmen in the British Isles with attractive entertainment of a kind which their own limited resources do not make possible, and at the same time to foster those advanced cultural activities which most truly reflect and most effectively nourish both the traditional and the experimental elements in that way of life which, as our common heritage, it is the task of New Zealand and the other

Commonwealth nations to cherish and develop further in the years to come. Pause for a sip of water. Of our sister nations it is antipodean Britain, farthest flung of all, that would stand to gain most from the formation of a New Zealand Council. That decline in cultural vitality which began with the Yellow Book, and which has been only partially checked in recent years by the use of such stop-gap devices as the Third Programme, might then be firmly arrested, and ultimately reversed.

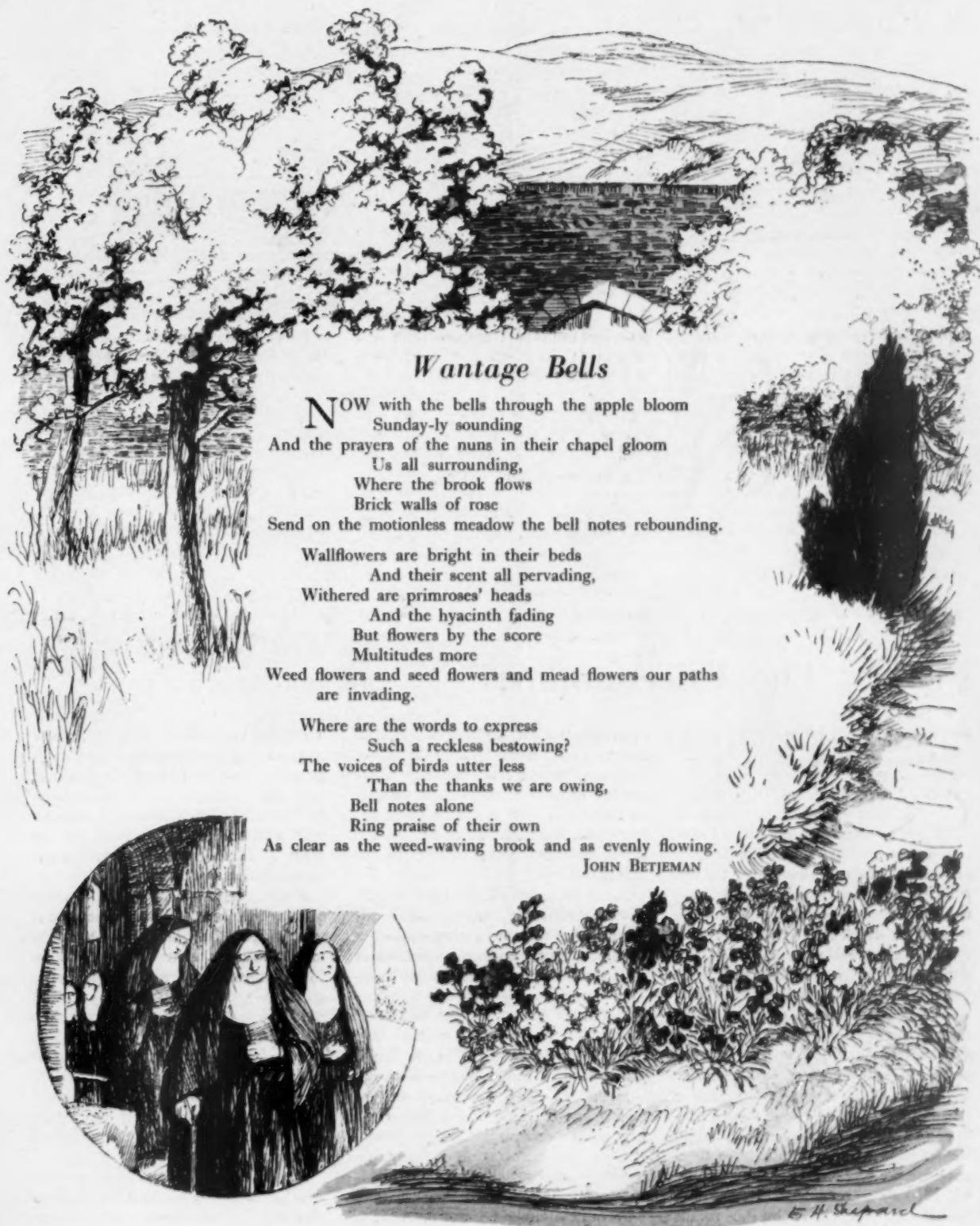
I look to the day when Cecil Sharp House will resound to Maori *hakas*, and *poi* dances will dominate the Sadler's Wells season. But vastly more important to Britain in her present decline is the prospect of a renaissance of the genuine British way of life. Just as Ireland during the Dark Ages was a sanctuary in which the elements of Christian culture were preserved against the tide of barbarism, and by which the continuity of Western civilization was assured, so New Zealand has yet to be revealed in her true historical rôle—as a storehouse of classical Victorian culture, to which Britain may return, after twentieth-century decadence has run its course, and obtain the seeds of renewal. The time may yet come when examples of Victorian Gothic crossed with Ironfounder's Rococo will be removed stone by stone from our New Zealand cities and reverently re-erected in Britain.

The lethargic British, left to take the initiative, will undoubtedly let the Commonwealth down. Immured in hopeless insularity, bemused by their leaders, and lulled into complacency by the dull opiates of *New Statesman* and *Nation* editorial opinion, Britain's millions will fail to see the vision.

There is a garden to be re-fertilized. Let us send them a few packets of seeds as a good-will present, in gratitude for past favours.

§ §

"Durban municipal health inspectors have reported Indian girls of 11 to be mothers to Indian boys of 12. What earthly hope have Europeans against such a state of affairs?"—*Natal Mercury*
It's tricky. You might ask at a Citizen's Advice Bureau.



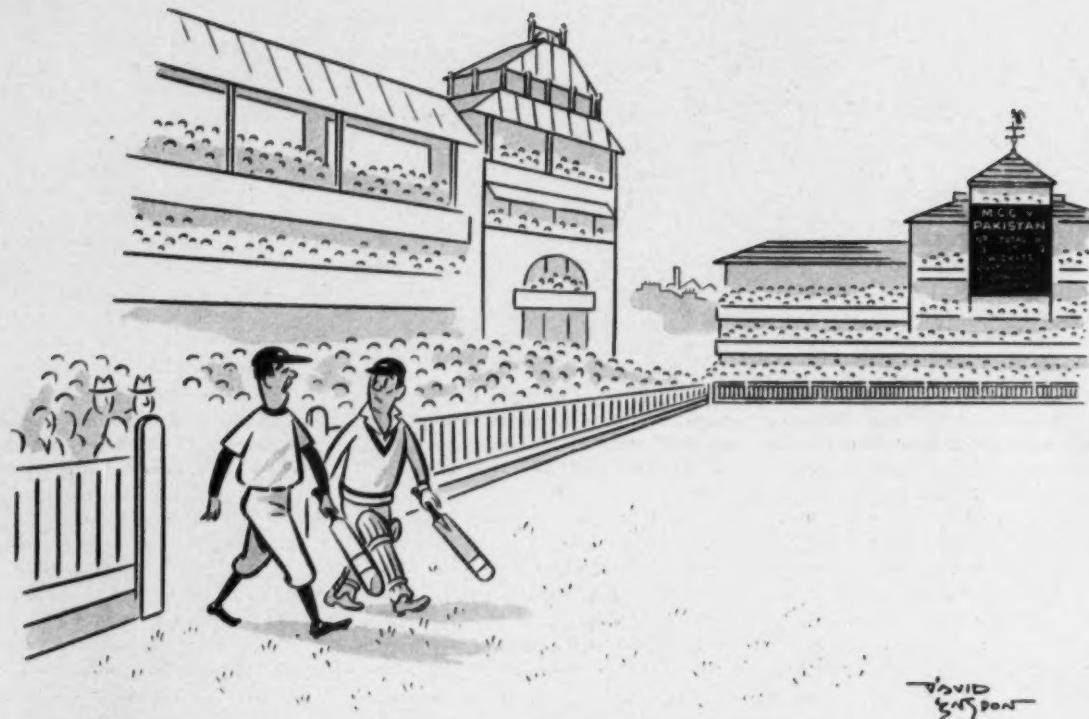
Wantage Bells

NOW with the bells through the apple bloom
Sunday-ly sounding
And the prayers of the nuns in their chapel gloom
Us all surrounding,
Where the brook flows
Brick walls of rose
Send on the motionless meadow the bell notes rebounding.

Wallflowers are bright in their beds
And their scent all pervading,
Withered are primroses' heads
And the hyacinth fading
But flowers by the score
Multitudes more
Weed flowers and seed flowers and mead flowers our paths
are invading.

Where are the words to express
Such a reckless bestowing?
The voices of birds utter less
Than the thanks we are owing,
Bell notes alone
Ring praise of their own
As clear as the weed-waving brook and as evenly flowing.

JOHN BETJEMAN



"The outfit came in a U.S. gift parcel."

From "The Uneconomist"

By ROBERT GRAVES

Sappy Blancmange Management North of the Tweed. By Dr. Jeremiah McMareswame. *Fogo and Buck*, 1355 pp., 5 gns.

CETERIS paribus, Dr. Jeremiah McMareswame's latest survey is likely to appeal to a much larger public than its title warrants, for in spite of a certain analytical weakness, and the principal but not exclusive Scottish angle of its approach, the pessimistic force with which he marshals his conclusions gives evidence of a deep and devastating awareness of current problems in the manufacturing, distribution and resale of most types of sappy blancmange (as defined under the *Inspid Foodstuffs Act*, 1927) and of the economic implications of Scottish Home Rule. In view of his own academic training as "Handsel chiel" to Edinburgh's Worshipful Society of Sappy Blancmange Mixers (a profitable sinecure successively enjoyed in the past by Sir W. Scott, Dr. D. Livingstone and Sir H. Lauder) it is by no means

surprising that Dr. McMareswame, now Senior Lecturer in Doubletalk at St. Andrews, should condemn such training for providing ready-made answers to the day-to-day problems of blancmange-management—an art which surely comes from direct works experience.

Although much of the book is concerned with the routine and the technical, it possesses the distinctive feature, among comparable treatises, of giving greater prominence to the besetting economic nightmare which has engulfed the industry since the critical year 1877. Much of the evidence and reasoning is concerned with the significance of irreducible resales-resistance throughout non-urban areas in the assessment of assured deficits for the next decade or decades. The very substantial tax-increases on sappy (as opposed to dry) blancmange-mixing recently foreshadowed in reliable Government circles are underlined, and

the author takes a reasonably black view about the marginal propensity of investments in gilt-edged blancmangerie, not only in Scotland but throughout Northern Europe. The writing is on the wall; and etched in letters of fire we read: "The Law of Inconspicuous Consumption altereth not!"

Resale price maintenance is, of course, a live political issue wherever it is practised. Dr. McMareswame refers to recent legislation in the Benelux countries, to the British White Paper specifically devoted to the subject *vis-à-vis* packeted (in contradistinction to bottled, or canned) blancmange, and a main purpose of this volume is to analyze the effects of resale price maintenance and to speculate on the picture which is likely to emerge if resale price maintenance at its present unrealistic level is abolished.

He concludes, in contradiction to all neo-Keynesian theory, that the result of abolishing resale price maintenance

would not be an intensification of cut-throat competition and of other healthy activities; he refers to recent experience in the State of Kansas (the world's largest *per capita* sappy blancmange consumer) and earlier, in South Africa (its smallest), and to the despondent behaviour of prices in the Caribbean, where there is relatively little resale price maintenance, to support the view that this competition would result in doubly-kinked demand curves, embarrassing to everyone concerned. Firmly established or popular brands would become less statically entrenched than ever, and the proverbial tendency towards *à la carte* concentration in both industry and trade would doubtless decrease where pre-sale price boosting had been used as a competitive device to rebuff the smaller "grey" resellers, but where inadequate reserves existed for financing "Rebuy Sappy Blancmange" campaigns. Professor R. G. Hawtrey and the Swedish school are taken to task not only for challenging this self-evident theorem on grounds of mere statistical probability but for failing to evaluate, or even admit, the crucial distinction between what is resold and

what is merely second-hand; and for tacitly drawing a kid glove on the dead hand of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

As the avowed purpose of this massive and salutary book is to assist the active manager of a trans-Tweedal sappy blancmange plant, it provides a more discouraging view of his problems than is vouchsafed by the usual textbooks on this head. Some of the proposals, such as a general regression to the tenets of the now-defunct Oneida Community, are undoubtedly controversial. Yet Dr. McMareswame sets out to take the relatively hopeful by the hand and to lead them through the maze of problems that they are certain to encounter, to the point of perfect defeatism. At the same time, the systematic approach gives him an opportunity of offering some weighty criticisms of traditional practices in the Scottish mixing-room, and against the policy—or lack of policy—associated with the industry in the not too distant past. Dutch adulteration has, in his opinion, had too bullish an influence, when carefully chosen Portuguese methods might have somewhat accelerated the downward trend of managerial

morale and a *pari passu* upward trend of dollar losings. So Thoreau once apostrophized Rousseau: "Master, I shall never forget what I learned at your knee: We must fail, therefore let us fail!"

The numerous tables, photographs and diagrams are well chosen to illustrate the more casuistical points in the argument, but the chapters on re-devitaminization as a resale hazard and on international sappy blancmange stock-piles are weak; and the latter (dare we say?) evinces scant respect for the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Furthermore, we regret the unaccountable absence of an index, which will keep all those directly concerned with the industry from going as far as to set the book on their shelves. Dippers, however, from this and associated industries, will be stimulated and rewarded on every page, and the foreword by the Moderator of the Church of Scotland will help to modify their perhaps exaggerated ideas about the potential contribution of sappy blancmange to Highland, or indeed to world, economy.

There is a supplement on porridge.



On the Popularity of Spies

By H. F. ELLIS

THE esteem, and indeed affection, in which spies have long been held by the British public has not yet, one hopes, been seriously affected by the opening sessions of the Royal Commission on Espionage in Canberra. Certain tendencies have, however, been disclosed, which if allowed to go unchecked may very soon bring the whole profession into disrepute.

The basis of the popularity of the spy is that he can be relied upon to behave in a spy-like manner. He obeys the Code. His activities, whenever they come to light, can be seen to adhere very closely to the best traditions of spycraft as laid down by a host of authorities from Phillips Oppenheim onwards. The conception of him, familiar to all players of the game of "L'Attaque," as a man in an atrocious hat, standing unobtrusively in the shrubbery with a pair of binoculars round his neck, remains untarnished. Instead of meeting his accomplices quietly under the clock at Victoria he goes to enormous pains to arrange complicated assignations on isolated benches in the park, and averts suspicion on the way by changing trams, suits, spectacles, etc., half a dozen times.

His number, unless he is very small beer indeed, rarely gets into double figures. He uses code names. He does not, perhaps, sit as often as could be wished, in disreputable cafés, tapping out messages on the table with the handle of his knife; but that may be because waitresses nowadays are apt to intercept and misinterpret such messages, and he is tired of being told that he will have to wait his turn like anybody else. By and large he plays the game according to the rules, and he retains accordingly the affection and respect of the public. (One is speaking, of course, of the immigrant foreign spy. The home-grown spy, or traitor, has never been much liked.)

Mr. Petrov, up to a point, did well. Vladimir is a satisfactory first name for an agent, and of his earlier aliases Shorohov can hardly be faulted, even if Proletarski is felt to be a little overdone. His handling of secret documents—in particular the practice of writing out reports in manuscript, typing them, photographing the typescript, taking a print of the negative, destroying the manuscript, sending the negative to Moscow, destroying the typescript, and

finally handing over the print to Mr. Richards, of the Australian Security Service—was brilliant. He was also entirely true to the tenets of his profession in selecting "a crack in a board on the embankment of a railway bridge" as a hidey-hole for messages to confederates. The difficulty of getting to such a place unobserved, or of explaining his presence there when accosted, would give him ample opportunities for exercising his skill in such traditional activities as riding on the roofs of railway carriages, asking the way to the station in broken Scandinavian, or slinging himself in a cradle from the bridge and waving a paint-brush at the guards of passing trains. So far Mr. Petrov is beyond criticism. Where he slipped up was in consenting to pass on information about such petty professional details to the H.Q. of the M.V.D. in Moscow. A spy's reports to his Chief (or to the M.V.D. or to Room 6, as the case may be) should consist of the weights of tanks, plans of guided missiles, etc., not of pitiful self-congratulatory memoranda beginning "I have hit on a plan for hiding secret messages in a crack in a board on the embankment of a railway bridge."

The result of Mr. Petrov's feebleness was inevitable. Moscow, which is incapable of minding its own business, at once began to find fault with the railway bridge, objecting that it might be inspected (as if a man of Petrov's experience hadn't thought of that one already; indeed, he had probably strolled along the embankment more than once in the guise of a superintending engineer). He must look for better holes, the M.V.D. said—enciphering this solemn rubbish, mind you, and typing it out and photographing it and sealing the negative up in a diplomatic bag—he must find better holes, they told him, and he must test them first, "by inserting articles like newspaper cuttings and cigarettes to determine which was more suitable." This is really terrible. In the first place it reduces the spy to the status of a mere clerk, hardly capable of deciding for himself whether to wear dark glasses, or side-whiskers and frock coat, at the next military manoeuvres. Second, and even worse, it destroys public confidence in the



sagacity of the Chief, or Master Mind in Room 6. It undoes the work of generations of fiction writers, who have resolutely refused to allow this terrifyingly anonymous figure to say anything at all except "Good work, Number Four!" on the last page but one. For, take it how you will, the directive sent to poor Mr. Petrov could hardly have been more meaningless. It is a classic example of the futility of Headquarters trying to do the work of the man on the spot.

What was the unfortunate man supposed to *do*? It is possible, of course, to go about inserting newspaper cuttings or cigarettes in a series of holes, and decide that Hole A is better than Hole B (which is too small) or Hole C (which, though capacious, turns out to be the night safe of the Bank of New South Wales). Or again you can test the suitability of a hole by leaving a cigarette in it and returning in a week or so to see whether it is still there. This shows whether the hole is, or is not, the sort of place in which Australians look for cigarettes. Thirdly, if you take Moscow's ludicrously ambiguous instruction in another sense, you can insert, first, a newspaper cutting, and then a cigarette, in the *same* hole, and thus find out which of the two is the less conspicuous. This tells you whether it would be better to write your secret message in invisible ink on the back page of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, or to photograph it and roll the film up in rice paper with shreds of tobacco hanging out at the ends.

But is this, is any of it, work for a self-respecting spy, for a Third Secretary with rank in the M.V.D. equivalent to that of colonel? No, no. Even Mr. Petrov thought not. Mr. Petrov, to his credit, had had enough, and resigned. But the harm done throughout the world to the good name of spying cannot be so easily expunged. We must hope that Moscow has got something better in the bag than this sort of infantile nonsense—perhaps at this very moment, in the diplomatic bag for London.



"Because of the high percentage of water contained in the milk, samples were taken from a cow on the farm and these were found to be genuine milk."

Yorkshire Evening News

Isn't Nature wonderful?



"I say, Charles, would you consider a desire to get a mother-in-law in dutch with the M.V.D. back home adequate grounds for granting a request for political asylum?"

The Choir Boy

HE waited by the vestry door
And kicked a smaller chum.
He came across the graveyard grass
And as I watched him come,
He blew and burst a big balloon
Of coloured bubble gum.

Himseemed he scarce had worn a day
One of those surplices.
The reverence was not yet quite gone
From that straight look of his:
Albeit he looked the kind of boy
That every choir boy is.

He had a soft, cherubic charm,
An awkward urchin grace.
His round blue eyes protruded from
A pink and placid face.
Yet when he spoke, his voice
emerged
A full and sounding bass.

He said "A treble rising twelve
Is very seldom seen.
Our working life is short compared
With what it must have been
When voices cracked so late," he said.
"We do it at thirteen.

"We crack so fast," he said, "they find
It hard to fill the gaps.
It is the Welfare State," he said,
"Or National Health perhaps.
At any rate, it's just the same
With all the other chaps.

"They'll have to get more girls," he
said:
And as he spoke I caught
A sort of gleam upon his face
Which seemed to come unsought
And went before I could divine
The nature of his thought.
P. M. HUBBARD

"Woman's Fun"

presents your very own

PALACE PAGE

(Intimate . . informed . . chatty . . loving)

By ALEX ATKINSON

Just an Idea

SEW (or gum) a teeny golden crown on one corner of your hanky. The crown should be cut out of fairly stiff cardboard with a pair of (sharp) scissors, in a crown shape, and painted with paint. You'll be surprised at the difference it makes.

Hungry?

Stuffed barbary ape, I hear a whisper, is finding its way on to the menu at more than one smart night haunt. A mixture of mashed potato, minced veal, and diced (cooked) cucumber is placed in a large ape-shaped sausage-skin, and served hot with (Spanish) onions. At Le Capitaine they are also offering a Gibraltar-shaped jelly with (Spanish) sherry sauce. Sounds fun!

Rack Your Brains!

Which of the following has a birthday this month?

- (a) Richard Dimbleby.
- (b) Queen Salote.
- (c) Prince Philip.
- (d) Barbara Goalen.
- (e) "Mippy" (Katherine Peebles).

A Clarence House-shaped sample bottle of *Investiture* perfume for the first eight hundred correct solutions opened.

Gallant Mrs. Lightfoote

Who said we British are cold fish? All hearts went out to brave, Queen-loving Mrs. E. Lightfoote of Crouch End the other day when the story of her solitary all-night vigil outside the Palace was given to the world. And (secretly) how we all envied her! To fasten herself with chains to the railings in case she was moved during the night, and then to suffer the disappointment of falling in a fit from hysteria at the sight of a Curtain being pulled open at

one of the Palace Windows shortly before seven a.m.! We lived it with you, Mrs. Lightfoote. And you may be sure that the fruit and flowers now arriving daily at your bedside from all parts of Britain are but a small measure of our admiration. Yours is the spirit which routed that horrid old Armada. And—who knows?—the psychiatrists may soon have you on your feet again. Here's hoping!

All in Fun!

Mention of Prince Charles's toy spider has caused quite a craze, our Mayfair editress tells me. She was chased down Bruton Street the other morning by two young men from *Wife And Kitchen*, on scooters. They wore sailor hats, and pelted her with rubber spiders. How the passers-by smiled! As our Mayfair editress said, it makes one feel somehow more at one with the Royal Family. I have one of the spiders on my desk as I write, and a dear little chap he is, with his mischievous eyes and his little bakelite crown. How clever the Japanese are!

Go Gay This Summer!

Why not a Commonwealth Tour party for your next "get-together"? Just the thing for the warm nights that are coming! Fenella Stick, our Knitting Adviser, has one planned already. Hubby has made a lagoon in the garden, and planted several (imitation) palm trees. Paper lanterns, totem poles, and a miniature red white and blue kraal complete the picture.

A Thrilling Encounter

Maud Stocking, our assistant Royalty editress, figured in an intriguing (and, we think, typically British) incident the other day. She came upon Delphi Budd, her opposite number on *Women And Tots*, disguised as an old gardener, crawling through a freshly-dug tunnel from the grounds of the Palace. Quickly hiding her telescope, folding helicopter and rope-ladder in a near-by bush, Maud seized poor Delphi and knocked her senseless with one blow of her candid camera. The reason? Well-trained Maud had spotted a Trophy in Delphi's hand! It turned out to be part of an apple, with teeth-marks that were unmistakably Royal, and tiny. Bravo!

Unhappily, however, we are unable to print a photograph of this Find. For the encounter had an unexpected ending! Maud was followed by a group of our most devoted readers, who were encamped some way down the Mall hoping to catch a glimpse of something. They set upon her, and in their enthusiasm trampled on her top plate. She finally gave the Prize (now rather the worse for wear) to an old lady of eighty, who said with tears in her eyes that she had never had a piece of apple with Royal teeth-marks in it, and that she could not hope to live much longer.

A Moving Tribute

*Glide onward, London's River—
Laugh, Noble Stream, yet louder.
We envy you—you brought Them back:
What river could be prouder?
(Sent by Miss B. Girdle, Sunderland)*

Crowded Out!

A little bird tells me that Katherine Hepburn, filming over here, walked alone in the Park one day last week—unnoticed! The explanation is simple. It had been rumoured that two Very Important Tiny People were out for a Stroll. I'm sure Katie understood, and forgave us, just this once.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

*A real Crown for the Kiddies to Cut Out and Paint. Just the Thing for Hopalong Cassidy!
I Danced With Billy Wallace—first of a new Series.
And a New, Ecstatic Portrait of Wynford Vaughan Thomas.*





Monday, May 17

Mr. BEVAN asked the Prime Minister whether he would make a statement on

**House of Commons :
Scottish Independence**

the proposed security pact for South-East Asia.

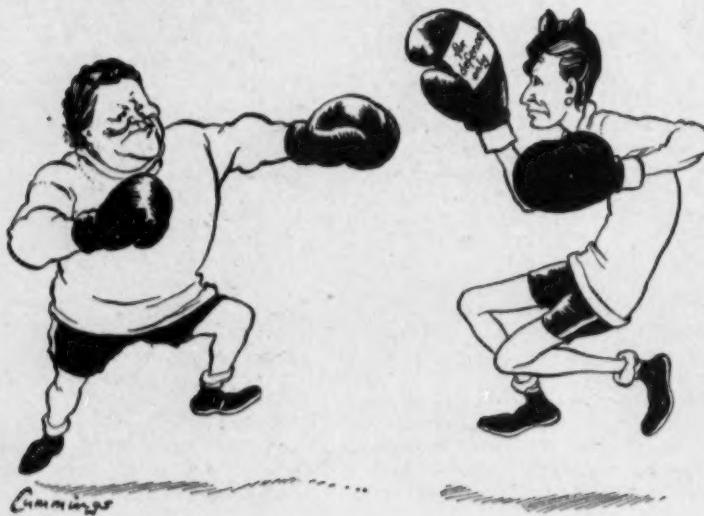
Sir WINSTON made a statement in which such a pact got a kind of tangential reference. After questions, he pulled out all the magniloquent Churchillian stops in an address of welcome to the QUEEN on her return. It is possible that "Even envy wore a friendly smile" did not exactly hit off the reactions of General Franco to the royal visit to Gibraltar; but on the whole Sir WINSTON happily expressed the feelings of the House, and of the nation. Mr. ATTLEE and Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES associated their parties with the sentiments pronounced.

An outbreak of Scottish Nationalism occurred at the beginning of the debate which followed, on the Scottish branch of the Housing Bill. Mr. Secretary STUART wanted to recommit the Bill to a committee of the whole House with a bunch of amendments and a new clause, but the Scots thought it should more appropriately be sent to the Scottish Grand Committee. On the floor of the House, they said, the Government could force their clause through by using English, Welsh and Northern Irish Members as "lobby-fodder"; whereas in the Scottish Grand Committee it could be discussed by people who understood what it was about. Two pretty un-Scottish Members, Mr. CHARLES PANELL and Mr. CHUTER EDE, went over to the enemy for the nonce. Mr. EDE, in a characteristically delightful intervention, singling out two words which, to an Englishman, were absolute



Greek, or rather Scots. Red-haired Mr. WILLIAM HAMILTON, looking ominously fresh, threatened that it might be necessary for pretty nearly every word to be explained to the ignorant Sassenachs, which would be likely to absorb a lot of time. Finally, Mr. EDWARD HEATH jumped up and, amid cries of "Gag!" moved the closure. So the Government got its way and some gallons of midnight oil were saved.

After that the debate proceeded on more orthodox lines, and the committee stage was concluded at a tolerable hour. But it had been good to see the Scots unbend a little—though their employment of English mercenaries would have



caused a sad shaking of heads in the palmy days of JIMMY MAXTON, DAVID KIRKWOOD and the younger, more mercurial JOHN McGOVERN.

Tuesday, May 18

Mr. HECTOR HUGHES asked the Prime Minister what had been done about

**House of Commons :
Sporting Budget**

promoting a security pact for Eastern Asia. Sir

WINSTON referred him to his answer of the previous day.

The committee stage of the Finance Bill, after a preliminary dicker about mobile cinemas, resolved itself into a sporting event. The principal bout of the evening was a heavyweight contest between Battling BESSIE BRADDOCK, of Liverpool, and Kid SUMMERSKILL, of Fulham, over the merits of boxing. Battling BESSIE was given some rather unfair assistance by her second, MANNIE SHINWELL, of Glasgow, who came into the ring and himself delivered a few gentlemanly punches at the Kid; but the combined efforts of the two were still not enough to induce the Chancellor to exempt boxing from entertainment tax.

Earlier there had been attempts to induce him to perform a similar favour for Association football, which Mr. JOHN DUGDALE reckoned was a better lubricant to international contacts than cricket; and for Highland Games, which under the "cold, clammy hand of the Treasury" were alleged to be disappearing altogether. Mr. BUTLER, who had been (in a charming phrase used by Mr. HAROLD WILSON early in the debate) sitting "waiting for something to turn down," duly turned down the various proposals offered to him; and afterwards, on his behalf, Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER did the same to Mr. GAITSKELL's plea for horse and dog racing. All these optimistic amendments were negatived, and only Dr. SUMMERSKILL on the Opposition side had any ground to feel happy.

Wednesday, May 19

Lord WINTERTON's approach to his motion about homosexual crime gave

**House of Lords :
Vice
House of Commons :
Vision**

an impression of being trenchant and convincing;

though it was hard to remember, as he thundered against Oscar Wilde and Sigmund Freud, that outside the Chamber it was still the year 1954. Lords VANSITTART and AMMON came down firmly on his side, but mostly the other Peers who intervened were non-committal. (As the Government has already announced



Mr. Chuter Ede

that it is to set up an investigating committee, their Lordships may have felt diffident about giving full rein to their opinions.) Lord CHORLEY, who spoke last in the debate, deprecated the emotional heat displayed by some noble Lords; but he could hardly have expected Lord WINTERTON not to have shown a modicum of warmth at the condescending way in which his speech was held up to ridicule, and Lord WINTERTON certainly showed it.

In the Commons the committee stage of the Television Bill, like a wounded alexandrine, dragg'd its slow length along. The selective guillotine proposed in these columns last week for certain tireless Tories should now be applied to Sir LESLIE PLUMMER, Mr. G. R. MITCHISON and Mr. CHARLES HOBSON on the Opposition benches.

On the motion for the adjournment, Mr. JOHN PARKER, to the accompaniment of Conservative cries of "Shame!" "Withdraw!" and "Disgraceful!" launched an attack on Mr. MARPLES, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Housing, for "gross lack of courtesy and rank carelessness" in connection with a matter concerning the relations between the Dagenham Council and a building firm. Mr. MARPLES is a cheerful, cocksure, likeable man, but he allowed himself to display a certain indignation. He repeated his conclusion that the Dagenham Council had been "guilty of double dealing" and left Mr. PARKER darkly dissatisfied.

Thursday, May 20

The Opposition usually has a friendly tussle with Captain CROOKSHANK when

House of Commons: after questions,
More Television on Thursdays,

he announces the business of the House for the coming week. To-day, however, the really unhappy faces were on the Government side, and the unhappiest of them belonged to Miss HORSBRUGH. For several weeks now polite inquiries have been made as to when her Teachers' Superannuation Bill is coming up. On this occasion Captain CROOKSHANK did not wait for an inquiry but launched unprompted into his rather jocund explanation of why it was so long delayed—though he promised that it would be taken before March of next year. Miss HORSBRUGH, who, probably alone in the House, is devoted to her Bill, sat pale and anxious, and one would have said rather angry, while the Leader of the House used it as material for comedy.

Some Tory Members were rather uneasy, too, about the Government's having found time the following Monday to discuss a motion about Members' expenses that had not at that time even been tabled. However, before they left for their long week-ends a motion was ready for them, sponsored by four Labour and five Conservative Members; and an amendment or so as well for good measure.

There was a question down for the Prime Minister from Mr. DESMOND DONNELLY about a South-East Asian alliance; but Mr. DONNELLY didn't ask it and Sir WINSTON was saved the trouble of stalling.

Another long day passed in discussing the Television Bill. (It must mortify Miss HORSBRUGH to see so much Government time taken up with this measure, that does not please even the

partisans of commercial television, when they might be discussing teachers' superannuation contributions.) The burden of the day's arguments was that the programme contractors were irresponsible people who must not be trusted with children's programmes, religious programmes or royal occasions, all of which must be covered by the Authority direct. The selective guillotine should now be extended to Mr. J. Fred Muggs.

Friday, May 21

Friday was itself again, with the Protection of Birds Bill back from the

House of Commons: **Protection of Animals' Day**

ment) Bill and Protection of Animals (Anesthetics) Bill to be considered on report. Yesterday Mr. CYRIL OSBORNE, whose chosen form of protection of animals consists of letting cats out of bags, allowed it to be understood that all Members went home "after duty" on Thursday; but a Friday with three animal Bills in it can always draw a House.

A bunch of American servicemen in the Strangers' Gallery were clearly bemused at the indignation which Members, led by Lady TWEEDSMUIR, lavished on the fate of the coot and the curlew; but to those who took part in the debate such questions were clearly matters of life and death. Lord TWEEDSMUIR, looking down from above, even heard his Lady saucily inciting the Commons to disagree with what his own colleagues had inserted in the Lords.

Meanwhile Lady DAVIDSON hovered anxiously in the background wondering if she would have time for lunch before her own measure came up. As far as could be seen from the gallery, she missed lunch altogether. B. A. YOUNG





BOOKING OFFICE

Forty Thinkers

Politics and Opinion in the Nineteenth Century. John Bowle. Cape, 25/-

SINCE Plato's time man has amused himself by painting his imaginary pictures of a future state. When I was at school I was told that the great difference between ourselves and the ancients was that the ancients, when they looked to the future, expected it to be worse, whereas we, because of progress, knew that it would be better, and this optimism is certainly the main mark of the vast majority of the nineteenth-century thinkers whom Mr. Bowle has paraded before us. They differed from one another in their interpretations of what progress was—the exchange of status for contract with Maine, legal reform with Bentham, the simpler and more beautiful life with William Morris, the world unit with Graham Wallas—but the vast majority had no doubt at all that what they wanted would happen.

Even the more sophisticated, like Mill or de Tocqueville or Bagehot, who foresaw dangers, had little doubt that those dangers could with care be overcome. Even those like Sorel or Marx or Treitschke, who prophesied immediate catastrophe, prophesied that catastrophe as a mere preliminary to the ultimate Utopia, when, as the case might be, workers or Germans or positivists—whoever were the Chosen People of the new dispensation—would rule the world. Even Nietzsche, though he prophesied a future of intolerable bloodshed now that "God was dead," was yet able to get an insane satisfaction for himself out of the contemplation of it, nor did it ever occur to him that "the blond beasts" might end by blowing themselves up.

"Come hither, lads, and hearken, for a tale there is to tell
Of the wonderful days a-coming when all shall be better than well"

they all in their different ways united in singing with William Morris. Imagine George Orwell in our time suggesting that anything could possibly get any better!

What has gone wrong? The hydrogen bomb, says Mr. Bowle. He is, of course, right up to a point. It is quite true, as Mr. Bowle shows, that his thinkers

quite singularly failed to foresee how science, transforming all else, would also transform and make so unbelievably more horrible the processes of war. H. G. Wells wrote political treatises and also wrote novels on the future of war. But neither Wells nor his readers thought much to marry the two sorts of book. His readers read the *War of the Worlds* as an adventure story and then went out and joined the cavalry.



And Mr. Bowle may well be right to suggest that in face of this new menace there is no hope save in some form of world unity.

But a mere constitution of world unity is of little value unless we can establish a spirit of world unity, nor is it of much value to draw up a blue-print which shows us how to preserve the world unless we can also rediscover a faith which shows us that the world is worth preserving. There was more international co-operation in the nineteenth than in the twentieth century in spite of the fact—the cynic may say because of the fact—that there were fewer international organizations. The world of the twentieth century is indeed a different place from the world of the nineteenth. The world of the nineteenth century was still a European world. Nothing is more interesting in Mr. Bowle's summaries than to notice how completely almost all the thinkers of the nineteenth century failed to guess that the days of Europe's supremacy

might be numbered. Conservatives demanded that European society be preserved. Liberals demanded that it should be reformed. Revolutionaries prophesied that one sort of European would seize power from another sort, nationalists that one European nation would rise and another fall. De Tocqueville alone foresaw that Europe might be conquered from without.

Thesis, like Mr. Edwards' cheerfulness, keeps breaking in to Mr. Bowle's impartiality, and it is clear that he has more than a suspicion that de Maistre may have been right and that it may prove that the atheist society, offering its nationalist or economic or Comtist alternatives to religion, simply does not possess the capacity for survival. Mr. Bowle invites us to join in condemning de Maistre's extravagances, and de Maistre was, of course, as innocent as any of his contemporaries of any suspicion that Europe could no longer be self-sufficient and that, whether we like it or not, the day was irrevocably past when there was any prospect at all that the members of the effective unit could be united in one religion.

Yet he was certainly right in rejecting as superficial any belief that men fought one another because of economics or because of nationalism or because of any lesser cause. These were the prettexts, but fundamentally they fought because of a "madness" which caused them to "delight in war." They fought because somebody or other liked fighting and was bored with peace. They fought because of original sin, and original sin could only be countered by some grace, call it by what name you will, which comes from beyond this world.

There is not space to summarize Mr. Bowle's synopsis of the work of his forty thinkers, and it would be captious in a selection that must of its nature be arbitrary to raise arguments why such a one is in and such a one is out. But it is surely a pity that among his thinkers Mr. Bowle includes—a little oddly—no Russian, neither Tolstoy nor Dostoevsky. For both the Orthodox and the pacifist challenges to the Western world, whatever we may think of them, were important challenges.

Mr. Bowle has made his collection with an admirable lucidity and impartiality, but there are—alas—an inordinately large number of misprints in

the French translations, and surely it is not true that Jowett ever said "And what were they going to do with the Grail when they found it, Mr. Rossetti?" These were, of course, the words which Max Beerbohm put into Jowett's mouth in the well-known cartoon. But I never heard it suggested that Jowett used them in real life and I cannot believe that he can have been such a fool.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

The New Men. C. P. Snow. *Macmillan, 12/6*

This novel about men making the atomic bomb follows *The Masters* in the Lewis Eliot series. The narrator's brother is a competent scientist and a very good administrator in the Atomic Research station. His horror over his brother's methods of advancing his career and the temporary estrangement that ends with the scientist's withdrawal from careerism is one theme; the clash of ideologies among the scientists themselves is another. Nowadays the Back Room seems to have replaced the one-child family as a forcing-house for neuroses.

Although I was always quite interested by the laboratory chat and the problems of conscience, I was never very interested, I think because the texture is too thin. It is unusual to criticize a book for being too short; but the choice is between speed, quick cutting and Balchin, and the slow piling up of detail and complication. That, surely, is Mr. Snow's real line. We ought to learn far more about the people and the places and the processes, so that we get to know the Research Station and the Ministry as we knew the College in *The Masters*. R. G. G. P.

One. David Karp. *Gollancz, 12/6*

This is a brilliant job. Superficially it belongs in the *Nineteen Eighty-four* category, as a tale of the future and the conflict between the all-powerful State and the individual; but there are several points that set it apart. First, the State is not horribly cruel but horribly benevolent: punishment has been abolished, opponents are victims of "heresy" which there is a fantastically elaborate system of removing. Second, this individual is not a lonely hero fighting for his opinions but a convinced supporter of the régime: his individuality asserts itself in spite of him. Third, the forces of the State are not grim villains but men of quite understandable sincerity. The narrative power is enormous, the invention, the subtlety of argument, the imaginative grasp and organization of the whole story are profoundly impressive. It is quite fascinating to read, and its final impression is hopeful. R. M.

Something of the Sea. Alan Ross. *Verschoyle, 6/-*

Mr. Ross has published recently an admirable travel book about Sardinia, and his poems show a traveller's eye,



"We seem to have different ideas, Mr. Khostov, about how far diplomatic privilege extends."

perceptive but not always deeply penetrating. Hyde Park, the Round Pond, North London, Iceland in wartime, Elba, Portoferraio, all are seen through fresh and surprising images. Brighton front is like coloured barley-sugar, on Elba mauve hills rise in a throat of chestnut, waves are crêpe paper magnetized by gunmetal, in the Riviera football stadium arc-lights are strung like cloche hats.

All this is charmingly decorative, but what lies below the decoration? With great skill in expression, Mr. Ross sometimes seems not to have very much to say. But, as his travel books show, he has developed slowly as a writer, and the group of poems dealing with the Middle East suggest that he is moving towards a greater depth of expression. In the meantime here is much gaiety and virtuosity to be enjoyed for its own sake, as one enjoys the firework colours of a Dufy painting.

J. S.

The Adventures of John Wetherell. Edited with an Introduction, by C. S. Forester. *Michael Joseph, 18/-*

This British seaman, whose experiences in the Royal Navy and as a prisoner of war in France during the Napoleonic wars have been ably prefaced and edited by Mr. C. S. Forester, can hardly claim a leading place among the naval and

military diarists of the time, of whom Riflemen Harris is the outstanding example. That is not to say, however, that Wetherell's story is not both readable and a useful commentary on his period. A merchant seaman impressed into the King's service, Wetherell served in H.M.S. *Hussar* until she was wrecked on the Breton coast, after which he spent eleven years in French prisons.

His life as a prisoner of war compares very favourably with that of a century and a half later; afloat, his hatred of the *Hussar*'s commander, a martinet of the type associated with the dark story of the *Hermione*, amounted almost to an obsession. Throughout, the writer reveals himself as a typical foremast hand of his day, cheerful and courageous in danger, at other times an inveterate grouser, and not averse to adorning his narrative with a white lie every once in a while, to say the least. C. F. S.

Catherine the Great and Other Studies. G. P. Gooch. *Longmans, 21/-*

Lots of little people making lots of little history in this bran-tub selection from the middle eighteenth century are bandied about between two characters who are by no means negligible, Catherine herself for one and Voltaire the other. The German-born autocrat of an expanding Russia, on record here as

efficient, industrious, kindly, venomous, frivolous, voluptuous all in one, the storm-centre of horrible family feuds and the exterminator of rival tyrannies, is associated at least as a cultured correspondent with the leisured grace of a gold-veneered France where Voltaire, engaged in tearing down façades that cover cruelty and cant, is willing to draw her into the circle of the philosophic west.

In between them four resplendent Parisian hostesses hold miniature court in the super-elegance of their salons, while Potemkin, Grimm, D'Alembert, Bobrinsky, Horace Walpole, Blücher and a host of others help to fill a background crowded with sycophantic butterfly pirouettings. As a makeweight Dr. Gooch throws in an effective note on Bismarck, man of iron, model and mentor for all would-be despots. C. C. P.

The Answers. Ernst Von Salomon, Translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon. Putnam, 35/-

Von Salomon, a well-known German nationalist writer, was wrongly detained by the U.S. occupation authorities soon after the end of the war. Before his release he was asked to fill up a "de-nazification" questionnaire, and *The Answers* gives his replies to its one hundred and thirty-one questions. The book has had an enormous success on the Continent. In Germany it has been praised and condemned in equally violent terms. Politically Von Salomon advocates a new brand of European "national neutralism," based on the popular, but dangerous, assumption that there is little to choose between Soviet Russia and the U.S.

Von Salomon's approach is illogical and emotional. He has little respect for the facts of international life. But his anti-Americanism is, nevertheless, effective, as he succeeds in making his point, and even in convincing by the sheer power of his writing, which is absolutely brilliant. It is to be hoped—in spite of Von Salomon's eloquence—that national neutralism will make less headway than national socialism. M. P.

Love in London. Villiers David. Duckworth, 10/6

The British Empire may not be all that it was, but London still has its policemen. The charms of young Tom English, who stands on duty outside the Santa Crucian Embassy, play havoc with the heart of the Ambassador's sentimental daughter and the senses of his passionate wife. Nor are these two Tom's only worshippers. A fashionable interior decorator joins in their libations of champagne to the stolid divinity, and a girl of Tom's own class adds her tribute. For all the protagonists the after-taste is unpleasant—unexpectedly bitter, even, in a novel that begins as light-heartedly as *Love in London*.

Mr. David has a genuine vein of fantasy and a gift, though a less original

one, for satirizing fashionable folly. He is at his best when farthest from realism. If not quite a Firbank or an Evelyn Waugh, he has some claim to be regarded as their successor. A. M.

No But I Saw the Movie. Peter de Vries. Gollancz, 12/6

Mr. de Vries is Mr. Thurber's most successful disciple. This collection of *New Yorker* stories and parodies keeps mainly to Thurber subject-matter; but the detail is always fresh and often brilliant. Mr. de Vries is a much better writer than most humorists and a much better humorist than most writers of short stories. He works off the contents of his notebook with an engaging casualness, so that sometimes his wit burns its way right out through the skin of a story.

There is not a dud item in the book and hardly a dud comparison. My favourites were "A line of mustache, thin as a cat-scratch" and the epigrammatist at the party "espaliered against the mantel." It is difficult to see how the anecdote of domestic, marital and convivial embarrassment could be better done or funnier. The only thing left for humorous writers is to try something else. R. G. G. P.

AT THE PLAY

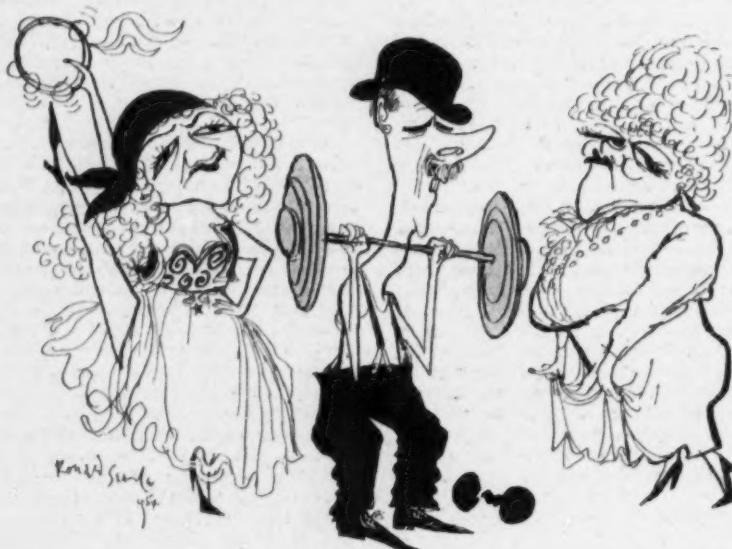
Going to Town (ST. MARTIN'S)

HAVING been lukewarm about *At the Lyric* when it came on at Hammersmith, I can report with greater pleasure that under its new title of *Going to Town* it has been pruned and re-planted with excellent judgment, and is now a revue to be thoroughly recom-

mended. Witty and adult and hitting much harder than it did before, it avoids the uncertainty of taste which then marred the programme. More than half the numbers are fresh, and some of them very good. ALAN MELVILLE is still easily the biggest contributor, while PAUL DEHN scores six and MARJORIE DUNKELS one. Rightly, the company is unchanged. It has plenty of varied skill, and after five months together makes a most satisfactory team.

The evening gets away to a flying start with a rag by Mr. MELVILLE of the painting of a Cromwellian inquisition, "When Did You Last See Your Father?" which is the very stuff of revue. Among the numbers brought downstream is the brilliant sketch of the girl on the psychiatrist's couch confessing archly to a mania for pushing people over cliffs—this is handled wonderfully by DORA BRYAN; Mr. DEHN's delightful lyrics putting English place-names into the geography of glucose song; the Canasta party gone suddenly Mexican in a Torquay lounge; the family drugged by TV (funny but too long); the sketch (to which the same criticism applies) of two women up from the country and confronted by a Henry Moore; and the battered family troupe on the halls, in which HERMIONE BADDELEY, DORA BRYAN, and IAN CARMICHAEL, who lead the cast, show unlimited comic resource. While the blue pencil was out I think I should have cut Miss BADDELEY's song about Hermione Gingold, for surely that joke must now be on its last legs.

Mr. CARMICHAEL gets funnier every time I see him, and is at his most lethal as a weedy little man in a bowler hat trying desperately to achieve the body



[*Going to Town*
MISS DORA BRYAN; MR. IAN CARMICHAEL; MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY]

beautiful. There is a world of pathos in the hopeless determination with which again and again he returns to iron weights that would have slipped every disc in Sandow. This, by Mr. DEHN, is one of the best of the additions, and the same author has provided a charming finale, where the whole company sings of the Thames, linking its journey into town. Mr. MELVILLE's new stuff includes a clever number about Cockney street cries, which gives Miss DUNKELS a chance for an admirable impersonation of Joyce Grenfell; a neat all-in mock of interplanetary travel, and a double-barrelled fusillade at the Oriental invasion of the West End theatre. To have written so many successful items for one revue is no mean feat.

The great thing is that, with very few exceptions, this programme seems to be all of a piece. It is keen and fast and lively, the music fits the mood, and that I have not mentioned other names is due to no lack of talent but only to the fear ever present in the critic of revue that his notice may read like a shopping list. WILLIAM CHAPPELL was the producer, VIVIENNE KERNOT did the décor, and both deserve warm praise.

Recommended

The Dark is Light Enough (Aldwych), the new Fry, with Edith Evans at her best. *A Question of Fact* (Piccadilly), a good play beautifully acted. *The Teahouse of the August Moon* (Her Majesty's), America laughing at herself.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

Knave of Hearts *Knights of the Round Table*

THE film you may have read about in the news columns a few months ago has arrived with very little splash: the film that (it was reported at the time) was being made in the streets of London using ordinary passers-by, without their knowledge, as extras. It is called *Knave of Hearts* (Director: RENÉ CLÉMENT) and I found it so enjoyable that I'm astonished to see and hear disapproval of it.

To be sure, it is an "X" film; that's enough to make plenty of people (those who think that adults have no business to enjoy anything not equally suitable for children) disapprove on principle. But how anyone can find it at all offensive is a mystery to me. It is a cheerfully unfeeling, unpretentiously trivial fable about a charming bad character, a philanderer on the make, and in tone and atmosphere it somewhat resembles *Kind Hearts and Coronets*.

In tone and atmosphere, though not in verbal wit (which, incidentally, seems to be all that a great many people noticed in the earlier film). The dialogue in places has an extreme slowness that can be a little irritating; there seems no reason for some of these long pauses. But this is almost the only criticism I would

advance; visually and atmospherically the piece is delightful.

The unscrupulously selfish André, who nevertheless has his considerate moments (stealing fifty pounds as he leaves the flat of Marcelle, who has rescued him from destitution and expects him to marry her, he remembers to switch on the radio so that her little dog shall not be bored), is played with perfect lightness by GÉRARD PHILIPE. We see five in the succession of women who find him irresistible: MARGARET JOHNSTON, JOAN GREENWOOD, GERMAINE MONTERO, VALERIE HOBSON and NATASHA PARRY make them individuals, helping to give each situation its distinctive mood. And the detail of the whole thing is a constant pleasure.

Inevitably, one examines the unwary passers-by in the street scenes; this is something of an irrelevant distraction. It is obvious that some of them were not as unwary as all that—we see them doing a double-take, frowning suspiciously at some spot near the side of the camera eye. But the method of deliberately using reality, allowing the characters to jump on a real bus or cross a street among ordinary non-acting people, is here completely justified.

The film is, as I say, frankly trivial and unemotional, and this dams it for all who demand that their emotions shall be seriously engaged or that some contribution shall be made to the study of what is often called the human dilemma. But as straightforward entertainment for an intelligent audience it is very welcome indeed.

M.G.M.'s excursion into the Arthurian legend, *Knights of the Round Table*

(Director: RICHARD THORPE), is a much more serious and worthy effort than *Prince Valiant*. It is based on Malory and the script-writers (three of them) have taken trouble to keep some dignity in the dialogue—though it comes too often, as in most earnest Fine Writing, by way of accidental lines of blank verse. Accents are mixed: Lancelot (ROBERT TAYLOR) and Arthur himself (MEL FERRER) are unobtrusively American in speech, but (as will seem correct in the middle west) the villainous characters Morgan le Fay (ANNE CRAWFORD) and Modred (STANLEY BAKER) sound thoroughly English.

This is in CinemaScope, and often magnificent to look at, both in the plain views of scenery and in large-scale action scenes of battle. As for smaller-scale action scenes . . . I wonder, am I alone in beginning to think that when you've seen one running fight with broadswords you've seen them all?

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London is a first-rate feature-length Disney documentary, *The Living Desert*, about the miscellaneous life to be found in the Great American Desert east of the Sierra Nevada. (Warning to whom it may concern: this includes screen-size details of such things as a fight between a tarantula and a pepsin wasp.) The good French ones continue: the painfully thrilling *The Wages of Fear* or *Le Salaire de la Peur* (24/2/54), and the gay *Henriette* (19/5/54).

The Wages of Fear is, surprisingly, also among the releases.

RICHARD MALLETT



(*Knave of Hearts*)

Norah—JOAN GREENWOOD; Catherine—VALERIE HOBSON; Patricia—NATASHA PARRY
André Ripois—GÉRARD PHILIPE

ON THE AIR

Real Nice

IF I were an American I should resent the B.B.C.'s abuse of my native tongue: I should want to know why the microphone accents of the Corporation are so often American when the fare provided is trashy, insincere or ham-fisted. American (that is one or another American accent) has become the accepted language of crooners, disc-jockeys, Martians and space-ship travellers, would-be comedians and their stooges, interviewers, numskulls in plays, quiz-masters and chairmen of parlour games. In European programmes beamed at British listeners it is already the language of "commercials," and when home-grown sponsored radio is officially permissible I have no doubt that the sales talk will be couched in the gruff manly monotones of New York and California.

For years self-appointed defenders of the King's English have bemoaned the imitative efforts of our crooners. They have criticized the song-birds of the air—with their "wunnerful guys" and "priry babies"—for betraying a proud national heritage of pure vowels and precise consonants. But crooners do not always adopt American accents in pursuit of glamour à la Hollywood: more often, in my view, they employ the borrowed tones to mask the idiocy of the "lyric," the embarrassing fulsomess of the verbiaque and the sticky sentimentality of the melody. If the reader doubts this let him try out his bathroom version of any recent favourite ("The Jones Boy" for example) in the accents of a B.B.C. announcer. The effect is ludicrous, and the professional crooner's tongue-in-cheek transatlantic translation becomes readily understandable and excusable.

The nasal rantings of British compères of light entertainment can be explained



"Now get in there, fellers—and start pitching."

in the same way. It is much easier to pile pluperfect on pluperfect in a frenzied introductory plug for some fifth-rate comic ("An' now folks it is my privilege and odious dooty to interduce none other than that greatest of all . . .") in the conventional accents of American show business.

The B.B.C. is all wised up about this trend and now offers no excuse when it imports transatlantic voices to feature in its imported parlour games and quiz programmes. The Irish-American of Eamonn Andrews in television's "What's My Line?" has now been replaced, for a spell, by the Hollywood-American of Ron Randell, and the change has produced startling results. Mr. Randell is a pin-up, pride-of-the-campus type with flashing teeth, eyes and hair and the breezy confidence of an auctioneer. I found his performance, his language and his accent so enthralling that for once I was able to overlook the played-out poverty of this show. And oddly enough the panel seemed equally diverted. Lady Barnett struggled desperately to join in the new brand of fun; Gilbert Harding permitted himself one bitter verbal thrust and then retired into a cocoon of gloom; David Nixon, affable

as ever, blinked in the glare of the new coruscating personality, and Barbara Kelly found the whole thing hilariously novel.

I have nothing against Mr. Randell—except his "real nice," "real soon" and "real kind"—and I congratulate him on a performance of astounding breeziness, but I hope that the B.B.C. will not be deceived by the success of this transfusion. When a programme (imported) can only be kept alive by stocking it with imported accents and mannerisms, that programme should be written off as a goner.

In our egalitarian society accents have assumed dramatic and grossly exaggerated importance. Utterly unreasonable, we are apt to switch off voices that grate on our sociological sensibilities. Wilfred Pickles failed as a news-reader because his accent upset many southerners and proved unacceptable to those who associate the short "a" with left-wing economics and lower middle-brow truculence. Joseph McLeod, with a honeyed Scottish burr, annoyed millions of Sassenachs and numerous Caledonian dissenters. Priestley's homely "Bruddersford" was acceptable during the give-and-take, muck-in-together period of the war, but his voice no longer booms with the same magic south of Oxford. The B.B.C. now takes its regional accents from the suburbs of Hampstead and seldom admits anything broader than the voice of a compromising south-seeking Midland don.

Another new import is the staggering series "You Are There," in which the more lurid episodes from British history are dramatized, "reported" by the B.B.C. commentators, and televised by arrangement with C.B.S. The second programme in the series, "The End of Mary Queen of Scots," was a wretched affair, tasteless and sickening.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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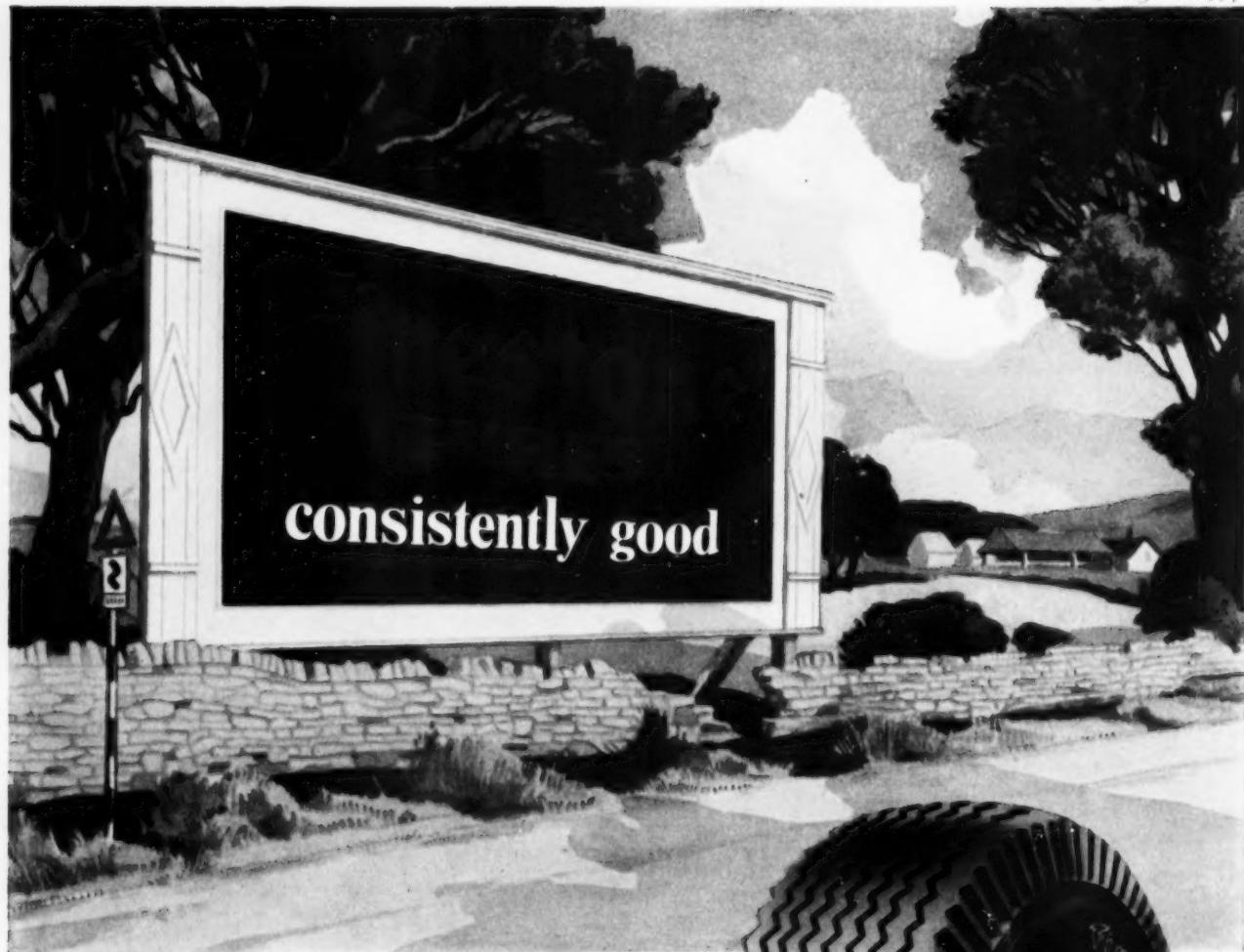
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Punch, May 26 1954

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Amazing accuracy under seemingly impossible conditions—that is the characteristic of the Tudor Oyster Prince. Permanently waterproof in its Oyster case, self-wound by its patented "rotor" mechanism, this distinguished watch has been proved in a series of tests of exceptional severity.

watch could take such a beating and go on ticking. The Oyster Prince did more—it kept perfect time.

Rolex knew that it would. For the Tudor Oyster Prince is automatically wound, for its own greater accuracy, by a Rolex-patented "rotor" mechanism with flexible suspension to keep it impervious to even the most shattering vibrations. The Tudor Oyster Prince is also protected from even the finest metallic dust by the famous waterproof Oyster case.

You yourself can own one of these remarkable Tudor Oyster Princes, for this supremely accurate self-winding watch is by no means expensive. Ask your Rolex jeweller to show it to you, in stainless steel, with its matching expanding bracelet.



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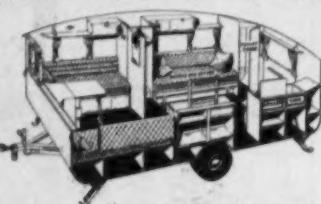
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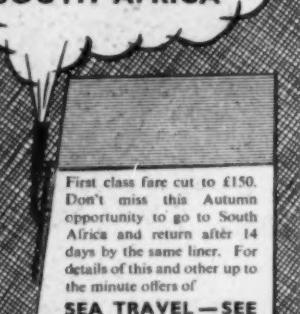
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You can usually recognise when your system is becoming 'run down' by your lack of energy, increasing tiredness, loss of interest in your job, poor concentration, insomnia, and irritability, and by a growing feeling of deep mental and physical exhaustion. Whenever you notice these symptoms the proper thing to do is to put yourself on a course of Sanatogen.

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The key points in your nervous system are your nerve cells. These nerve cells, we know, depend for their growth and health—and that means your health—upon an adequate supply of protein and phosphorus. Without these substances your nervous system could not function properly and nerve cells would 'starve'. To restore and promote the activity of such 'starved' cells you need the extra protein and phosphorus that Sanatogen gives you. By giving this extra 'boost' to your nerve cells Sanatogen helps to correct your 'nerves' and to restore strength.

How you take Sanatogen

Sanatogen is a very fine powder. You take it, mixed with a little water or milk, three times a day, with or between meals. Remember, it may have taken



NERVE ENDING: One of the ways in which nerves terminate in the skin. All nerve endings are connected to your central nervous system.

months for your body to get into a 'run down' state. Obviously, this cannot be remedied just overnight and it is important that you take Sanatogen regularly for at least eight weeks. Each day Sanatogen will put back into your body a little more strength, a little more vitality, rebuilding your system and restoring your energies. So when you start Sanatogen, make sure you get the full benefit from it by taking the complete eight-week course.

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More than 25,000 doctors have endorsed the use of Sanatogen—a remarkable official recognition of its restorative power. Sanatogen is unique in form and composition and is the standard, accepted tonic for all cases of 'nerves', irritability, over-tiredness and mental and physical strain; in fact, 'run down' conditions generally.

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It isn't . . . it can't be Sally Brown!

Well it is, darling. Why the surprise?

I never saw such a change in anyone. You've got so slim. I hardly recognised you coming down the street.

Yes, I suppose I have. I can't have seen you since Mary Smith's party when that new doctor's wife was telling me all about it.

No riddles now. What 'it'?

Well, you know I'd resigned myself to middle age spread and putting on an inch a year until I got to 80 or so?

I do indeed—and I with you.

Anyway, I was airing the awful possibility to this woman and saying 'You wait till you get to my age' and it turned out she was five years older and just looked the picture of youth and vitality because she uses a Rallie.

A what?

A Rallie Health Belt—the most marvellous home massage treatment you can imagine. Of course, I wrote off for one at once and you can see what it's done for me.

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If it can do half as much for me, I can't wait to get one.

And I feel so much fitter. John is so overcome, he's started using it too in self defence. He's taken two inches off his middle already and still going strong!

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You be the judge! Yes—you, m'lud . . . and you m'lud . . . and you, m'lud! Just pull up your Bench to the Breakfast table.

This, m'lud, is the Stork that begs leave to appeal because the Law insists on calling it Stork Margarine.

Stork Margarine, with a creamy taste like that—strangely conflicting evidence, m'lud.

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but through scrupulous selection and skilful blending of the choicest of natural fats, it's not recognisable as such.

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The Law and The Palate beg to differ—

THE LAW CALLS STORK MARGARINE

Choosing your Brandy

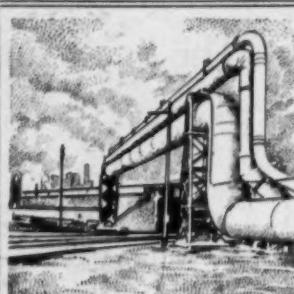


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NO Nelson Touch about Hookey. Leading Seaman he may be, but able-bodied—never! "Any complaints?" I hailed him.

"Firedownbelow," moaned Hookey. "All this con-stit-ation I get makes me feel as dull as a pusser's dirk. I can't even bring myself to pipe up spirits!"

"Bad piping was always your trouble," I said.

"Ere—" began Hookey.

"Belay that," I said. "I'm talking about the 30 ft. of piping in your 'midships. Doesn't matter what you eat—corn dog or hard tack, it all has to go through that piping. But, if you eat a lot of starchy foods, the muscles which pull it through lose their grip, and start to skulk."

"Well?" said Hookey.

"Well nothing," I said. "You're absolutely two blocks—chocker! And that's when constipation makes you feel like the last days of Pompey. What you want," I said, "is more bulk in your diet."

"What's that in English?" said Hookey.



"All-Bran with your breakfast," I said. "Just a little of that delicious cereal every day'll make you 'regular' by giving your muscles bulk to pull on."

"Bulk-heads to you," said Hookey. But he had a look in his eye.

And the next time I saw him, what do you think? There was Hookey grinning like a liberty man going up the line on long leave. "Ahoy there," I said. "Everything ship-shape?"

"Hullabaloo belay!" sang Hookey. "That All-Bran's marvellous! It made me 'regular' inside a week!"

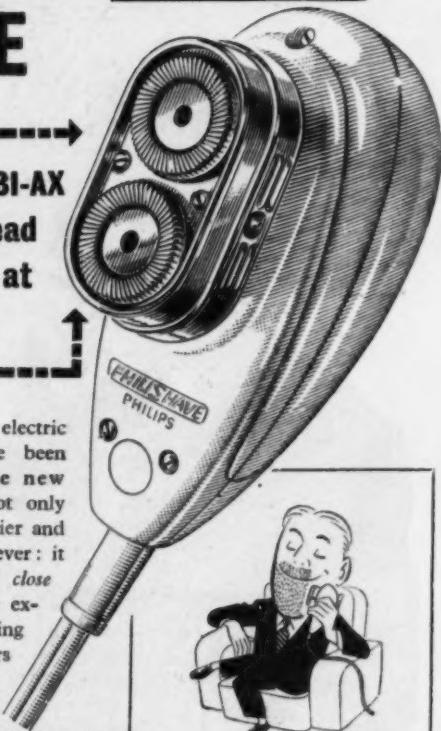
"Anchor's aweigh," I said.

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all angles.

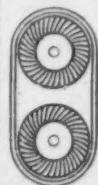


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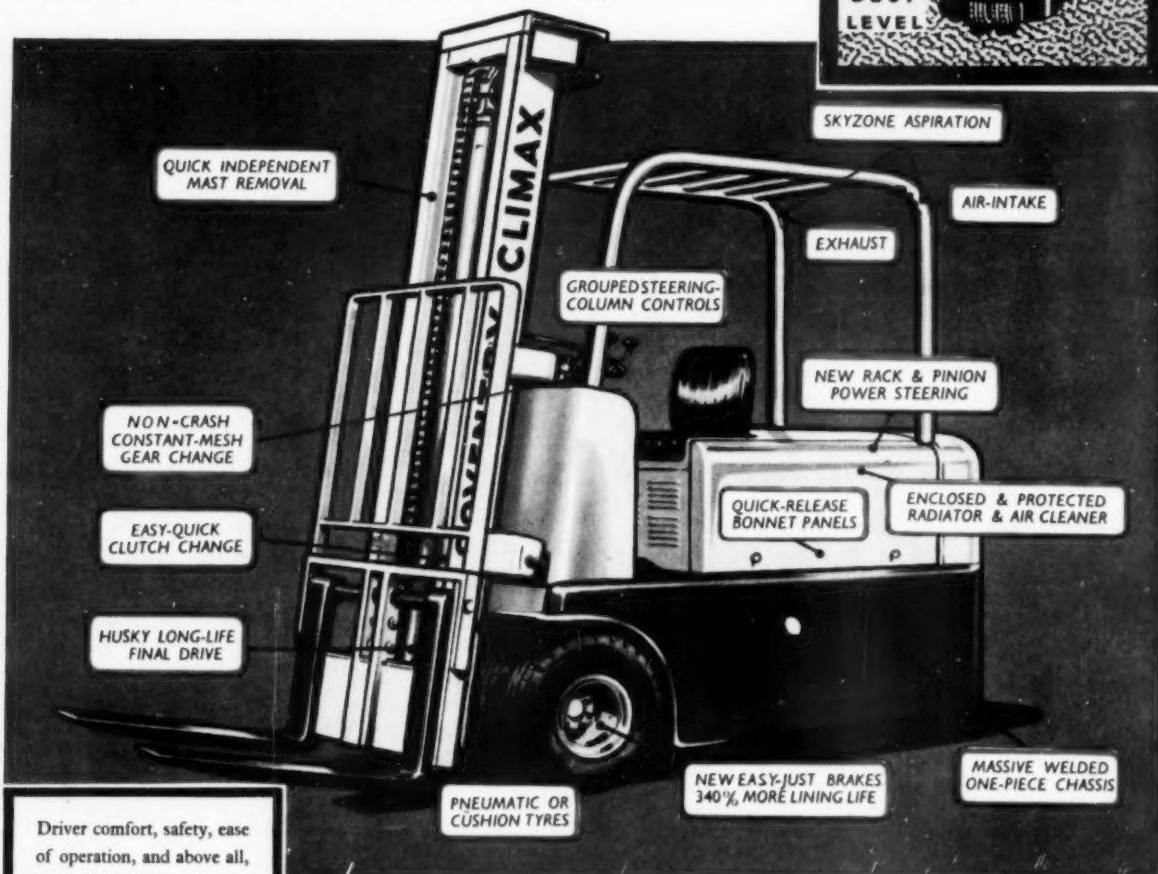


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